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JULY, 1955
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BRITANNIA and Eve

JULY
1955

VOL. 51 NO. 1

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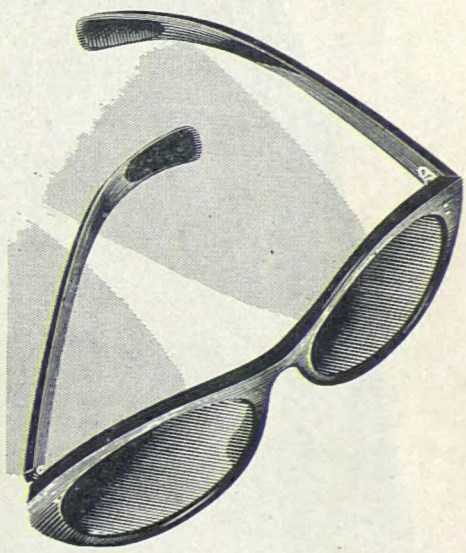

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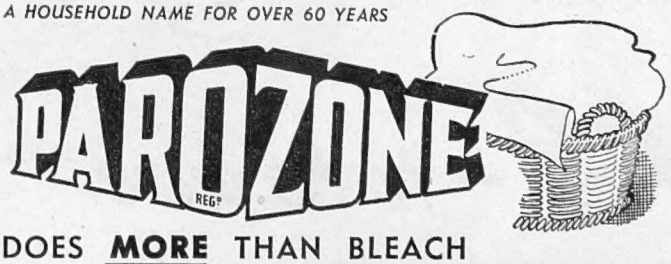

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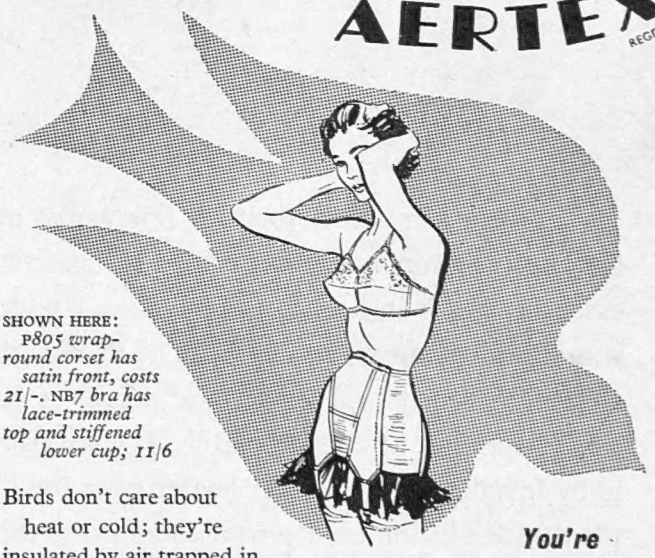

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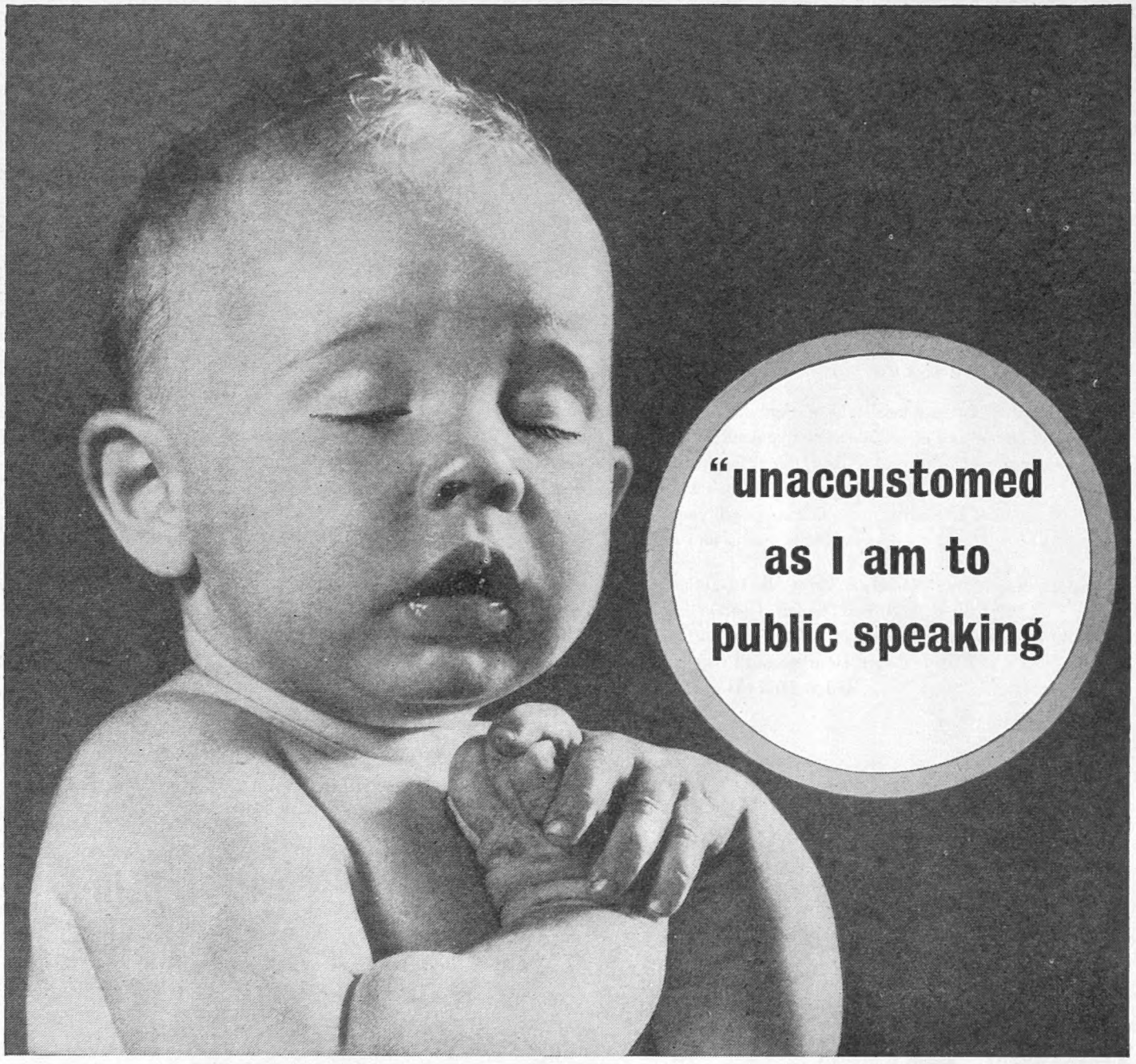

. . I feel it my duty to say a few words about the benefits bestowed by hot water in the home. The constant use of hot water is an essential factor in health and hygiene. Apart from personal cleanliness, it is the pivot on which washing of dishes and clothes and all house cleaning turn. It is also part and parcel of good cooking. You must have ample supplies always available. The easiest way to provide hot water is by installing a gas water heater over the kitchen sink. That will give plenty for all domestic purposes and it is there instantaneously at the turn of a tap. I make bold to say that every household in the land should have a gas sink water heater."

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When people come to stay, the theory and practice of entertaining tend to differ

WE HAVE FRIENDS AGAIN

by EMMA SMITH

WITH the spring, we find we have friends again. As soon as the first daffodil shows, we get the first letter beginning : " It must be so wonderful now in the country . . ."

And after our cloistered winter, the prospect of being visited, the many pleasures of it, almost overwhelm us. We have looked forward for so long to the talk, for we both like talking ; to the sound of doors opening and shutting all over the house ; the bustle ; the coming and going.

In December we visualised those drinks in deck-chairs before lunch and the long, slow games of croquet after. Now we roll and mow the croquet lawn in anticipation. We get in a barrel of beer. But alas ! it isn't as easy as all that !

Theory and practice, as so often happens, are not the same, and having people to stay is, for us, in reality fraught with danger, difficulty and despair. The truth is, we are not very good at it. I, in particular, am very bad.

I should like to be a born hostess. I should like to be calm and methodical, to know that all the beds in the house are always aired and ready, the fires laid, the drawers smelling of lavender. I should like to be able to float into rooms, my hand outstretched, my smile gracious ; to give the impression of someone never in a hurry, never at a loss or taken by surprise. I should like, in short, to be completely different.

What really happens is mortifying. I approach R. timidly and tell him the Fieldings will have to be put off. He expresses surprise, and says he thought I liked the Fieldings. Yes, I say, I do—very much. It's a question of sheets. There aren't enough for them *and* Hester and Edward at the same time. And why is this ? (*Continued on page* 69)

" Is there anything I can do to help ? "

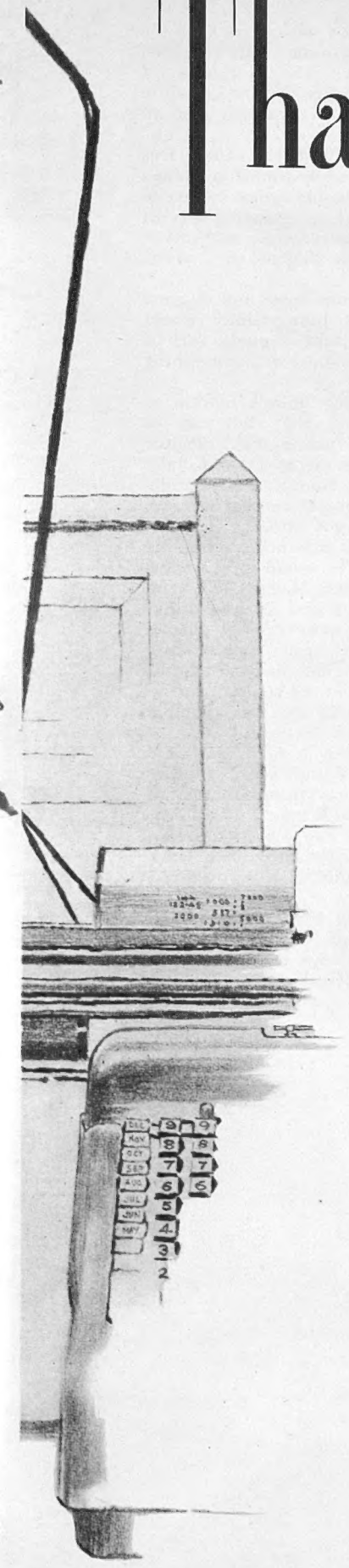
Illustrations by
JANE HARVEY

The hands that took the cheque seemed to be trembling slightly. "Anything wrong?" she asked

By CLAIRE WALLIS

Illustrations by COLEMAN

Thanks for a lovely evening



IF she hadn't met him in the dark it would have gone no further than a few murmured words and he would have passed on after the introduction —as so many men did pass on after meeting Ginny Winslow.

Because most of Ginny's good points were not the arresting kind that make men linger. She had no store of chit-chat, no wiles, with which to detain them. Ginny was a person first and a woman afterwards. And that doesn't go over with men, except the kind who don't count, the husbands of friends and other girls' dates.

She was not an ugly duckling by any means. You just had to know Ginny well to appreciate her. She developed slowly, like a film in processing. Ginny knew she ought to "let herself go" but how, was another matter. It would mean doing herself all over and she was too honest for such legerdemain.

She could never be like Dorrie, with not an idea under those bronze curls, but whose legs were long, hips slim, eyes slumbrous, and mouth promising, and already easing off her second husband. Or like Pat, the good sport, who could out-ski her husband but never did; or Anita, who had bowled men over right and left with her quick line, ready laugh and unpredictable ways.

GINNY had none of these lures. She was no beauty, she had never gone in for athletics, and she wouldn't be in Anita's shoes now for the world. She was just herself, on the short side, with a figure that filled her clothes without help, dark fly-away hair that required no permanent, honest grey eyes and a large, generous mouth. She was only twenty-seven, but to-day that is old in the man-market.

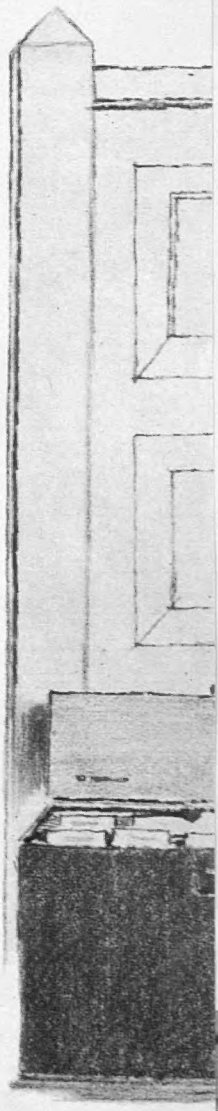
But she did have one special thing that people remembered but she forgot—her voice. It was low-pitched, bubbling, young and as refreshing as spring water. But she had never heard herself on recording tape and did not turn to advantage an asset that has sparked many a romance. To Ginny, romance was important. Perhaps that was her trouble.

Yet Ginny did get her man, but in a curious, roundabout way. It began in the dark, a black-velvet dark, when she collided with a pair of flannel-clad knees on a stone coping—in fact, sat on them.

SHE had gone out to walk Anita's dog because she was bored. She had been the Brittens' house guest for a week—just a week too long. She had looked forward to this visit with Anita and her husband, taking the opportunity that her father's long lecture tour gave her for a fling of her own.

Keeping house for a studious man in a small town was not what one would call exciting, and excitement was what she wanted. Anita and she had always had it together. But the visit had not turned out as she expected. In the old days of college and city jobs they had lived together and Anita had attracted the men while Ginny picked up the pieces. But it had been fun. And now Anita had got her man and things had changed.

The Brittens lived thirty miles from the city on one of those geometrically compounded apartment



It began in the dark, a black-velvet dark, when she collided with a pair of flannel-clad knees on a stone coping . . .

projects set in grounds with a maze of paths leading up to entrances from A to K. It was easy to get lost there among the rhododendrons and yews, but she was trusting Wimpy, the pup, to bring her safely back to F4, where George would be stretching his way to bed.

George made the 7.55 in the mornings and so, during the week, he and Anita did nothing, but on week-ends they did too much, always the same thing and always with the same people, ending up on Sunday with the papers and TV, and the tail-end of the bottle. In comparison, Ginny thought her life at home seemed full and varied.

The only trouble with home was that she knew everybody in town and there wasn't one exciting man on the voting register, and only four even remotely eligible—no, five, if you counted John Masters, newly released from a demanding mother. But John was another George Britten, too stuffy for any consideration.

She gave Wimpy's leash a tug and looked back at the lighted windows of the Britten living-room. She supposed George and Anita loved each other. They argued a lot with high voices but they got over it quickly, and certainly George was the man Anita must have wanted over all the rest.

He had seemed like a step down from the other faces that had for brief times occupied the silver frame on Anita's dressing-table. His hair was already beginning to recede and his eyes were sharp, and he had an annoying way of taking the opposite side of any discussion. At Anita's wedding Ginny had joined the chorus that asked, " What could Anita have seen in him ? "

Exactly what they 'd say if she broke down and married John Masters. Asked to describe John, Ginny would probably have said, " Oh, he 's all right, I guess, sort of funny-looking, awfully stiff and polite and—well, something of a bore."

" Maybe you 'll send me packing," he said, releasing her, " but even so, I 'm still glad I did it "

OF course, knowing John's mother it was surprising that he was as socially acceptable as he was. People pitied the woman he might choose to take her place. So did Ginny. In fact, she suspected that she might be that woman, because John had got into the habit of dropping in on her afternoons after his mother's death. He would stop on his way home from the Masters Knitting Mills exactly at five and for one drink, and she couldn't be out every day at five. That had been one reason for her trip, to break the spell, because she didn't want to hurt him and she couldn't go on. The whole town would soon be laughing. Ginny Winslow's last chance !

" I guess maybe I 'm too romantic," she thought, giving Wimpy's leash another tug to pull him away from a clump of azaleas. " Come on, Wimpy," she called, her words spraying like a clear fountain of notes on the night air. The leash came, but Wimpy didn't. He had slipped his collar again.

She was standing there calling, when the lights went out, all of them, the lanterns at the doorways, in the windows, even the high (*Continued on page* 58)

MR. DOUBLEDAY'S HAPPY FAMILY

By

ANTHONY THOMPSON

Top: "Double," with some of his "family," says goodbye to Children's Corner hostess, Glynda Stevens, on her departure this summer for America. *Left:* Clean your teeth and wash behind the ears! *Below left:* Lassie will still follow Zoo hostess Betty even when that bottle is empty. *Below right:* If someone would introduce us we might become friends

MR. DOUBLEDAY is very proud of his strangely assorted family. He knows them all and likes them all—sixteen girls, four llamas, six donkeys, a zebra called George, six ponies, two foxes, Charlie the parrot, and a fluctuating crowd of deer, goats, sheep, geese, squirrels, guinea-pigs and mice. You can meet them any day at the Children's Zoo in Regent's Park.

George Doubleday—"Double" to his family—is a short, tubby man, with a bow-tie and a jaunty, grizzled moustache. He works as Public Relations Officer for the Zoo, with the off-hand assurance of a man who has been there for forty-six years. When Julian Huxley told him twenty years ago about a section of the Berlin Zoo where children could play with the young animals, he decided to try a similar experiment at Regent's Park. The Children's Zoo was a tremendous success from the beginning, and soon became a big money-spinner in the Zoo, bringing in about £10,000 a year.

"Double" still runs his favourite corner of the Zoo and tries to visit it at least once a day. He has learned a good deal in twenty years. "The R.S.P.C.A. should have been after us at first," he says. "We hadn't realised that the animals must have somewhere to escape from the humans. That's what the pens are for with those low fences—to keep the children out, not the animals in."

The Children's Zoo used to be staffed by young men and girls, but the girls proved so much better at the job that they now have no male assistance, except for Mr. Doubleday's (*Continued on page* 64)

Adolf Morath

Devotees of Continental cooking surge upon Soho, where the street stalls abound in vegetables unfamiliar to most English eyes and the shops offer anything you fancy from garlic sausage to candied violets

Fiesta in Soho

By MURIEL SEGAL

THEY say that all the world passes through Piccadilly at some time or other. It is almost true, but not all who drift into that merry-go-round of scintillating lights and gyrating traffic know that other nearly-related and yet so different little world which lies a few hundred yards north of the Circus. London's "little Europe."

Soho is no more than a square mile in extent, yet in a sense it is bounded by all the frontiers of Europe, for its tongues are legion. Italian, French, Greek, Asian and Oriental people inhabit its narrow streets, proudly conscious of their nationalities yet equally aware of their citizenship of London.

Soho leads its own life, follows its own customs within the encircling shelter of the wider metropolis. There is pimento, garlic and baby marrows on the street stalls, where customarily the English look for cabbages and sprouts. The food shops display mountains of sausage in all their Continental shapes and varieties, next to truffles and spices, fresh ravioli, zitoni, Spanish nougat and Dutch gherkins. You can eat French, Chinese, Italian, Hungarian or Spanish dishes and drink the wines of Europe, known and unfamiliar within the compass of its few narrow streets.

Soho is high priority on the tourist schedule, yet few of its sightseers know the real Soho. Therefore London's little Europe has decided to spotlight its attractions. For one week in July, Soho is to hold fiesta.

"We feel it is time that Soho gave expression to the great feeling of communality which is present among the many nationalities existing together so amicably within its boundaries," say its leading residents and businessmen. It is a pleasing gesture in this world of discord.

The very name Soho has a pleasing sound, but where does it come from? Some say that when the quarter was open country the cry of the hunt across the fields echoed "So-ho . . .", but nobody seems quite sure. It *is* sure that it was just a London village before the early immigrants from religious persecution in Europe made it their home and found security and employment for their varied talents.

WHY the immigrants chose Soho can only be guessed at. Perhaps because it was the fashionable suburb of the period and offered more employment than other places. Certainly the foreign Ambassadors had their Embassies around Soho Square, where they had enjoyed the diplomatic privilege of private chapels in which Mass could be celebrated.

The men who are organising the "Soho Fair" are as varied as the people they represent and the thousand-and-one enterprises which flourish in the quarter. The vigorous chairman is Gaston Barlemont (known to all French residents in London as Mine Host of the "York Minster," the only French pub in London).

For the week July 10–16, Soho will be devoted to high carnival. There will be national folk dances in the open, gala performances in the local theatres and cinemas, processions through the streets, wine-tasting, a culinary art competition and prizes for window displays and the decoration of market stalls.

The throng of visitors to London will be turning towards Soho—London itself will be turning its steps in that direction. Little Europe hopes that the weather will also look with favour on its gay enterprise.

Atmosphere in Soho is composed of many things but most of all by its "characters." This colourful and long-familiar figure was born in Korea but is essentially a Londoner

Tagliatelli, a much-fancied dish in Soho's Italian restaurants, being folded into the correct shapes before they go into the "airing cupboard," where they are treated with hot air

Above: Sing while you eat—a Continental tradition that Soho favours. What you eat and drink is up to you. A dozen dishes at once at Ley-On's Chinese Restaurant (*left*), a bottle of Chianti to take home from one of the many wine shops (*centre*), or a Pernod at Monsieur Gaston Barlemont's French pub (*below*)

The whole continent of Europe and a good deal of Asia is represented by the inhabitants of London's Soho, which for a week of July will be en fiesta

Drama already filmed for Commercial Television promises a high standard in entertainment value with such stars as Wendy Hiller already "in the can"

The Newer View

By FREDDY BLOOM

LET'S sit down together for a few minutes and look at television.

I can think of no other invention in the whole world that gives as much to women. On the whole, we are much busier creatures than men. Housework is not just a full-time job; it's an all-time job. And there are many women who go out to work and then come home to work there as well.

Few of us have time to read what we want to read or feel we should read. There is no opportunity to go to all the places we want to see. Most of us know of things we want to learn but never get a chance to tackle.

Many of us, especially the older ones, are lonely. Some are widows. Children have grown up and left home. When you are older you often lack the energy and strength to go out and make friends. Also most activities, no matter how modest, cost money. It's hard enough to find the cash for the necessities of life.

A television set offers education, adventure, companionship, relaxation and inspiration. The initial outlay may be high but few other investments pay such dividends. If I had to devote my life to only one good cause I think it would be the provision of television sets to all women. It would be to the benefit not only of the individuals but of the country as a whole.

INCREASED knowledge, increased thought, understanding and general contentment must necessarily lead to the advancement of the community. (Please let me assure cynical readers immediately that I have no financial connections whatsoever with the television industry.)

In a short time Britain will have alternative television programmes. An enormous amount of twaddle has been written and spoken about commercial television. My own mind has never been able to grasp why, if advertising on television is so dangerous, our entire civilisation is not already sunk in an abyss of depravity due to all the advertisements we are subjected to in papers, shops, trains, hoardings, cinemas, etc. This very magazine you are now reading must be pernicious with whole pages devoted to soaps, soups and powders.

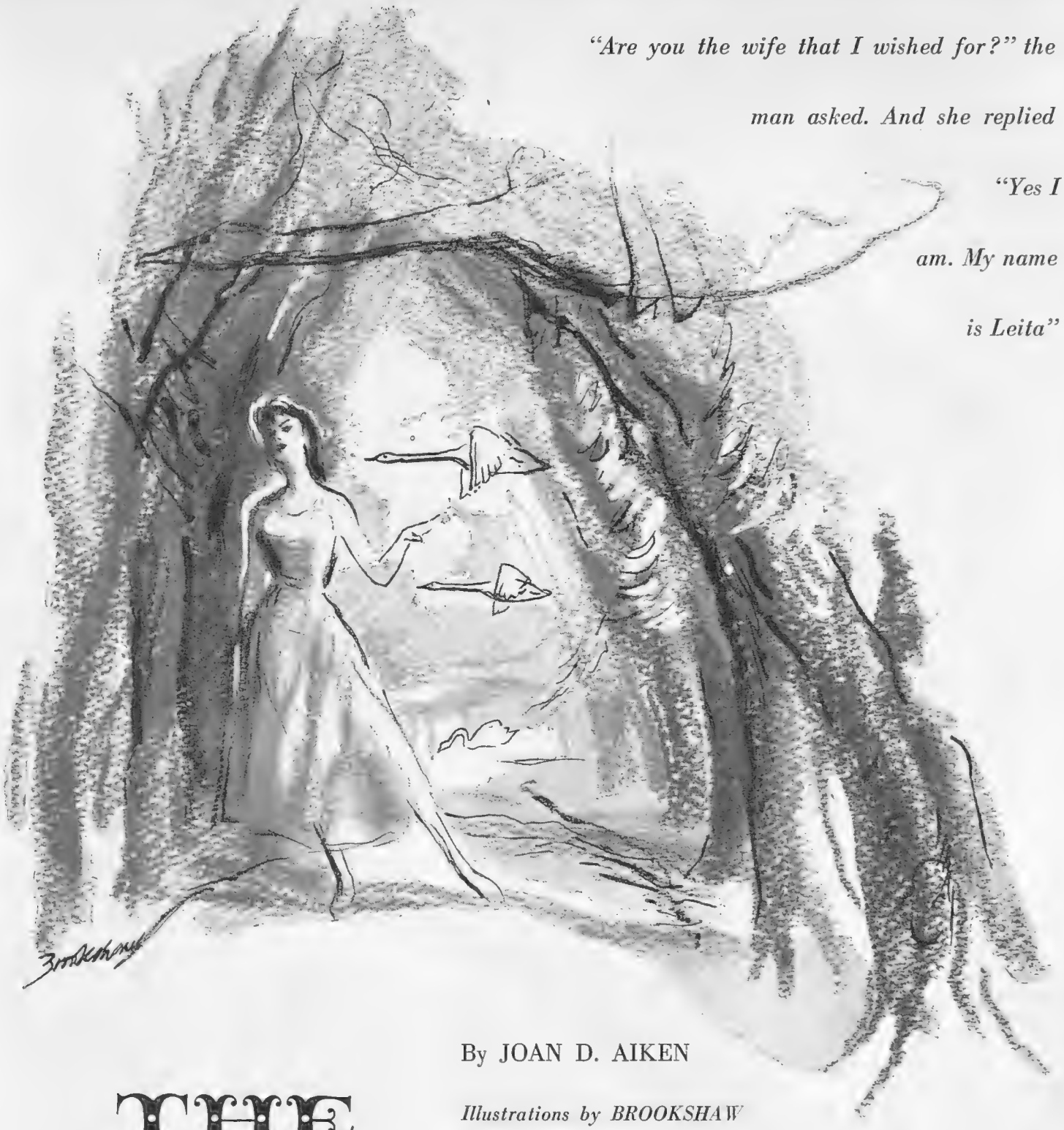
At the risk of repeating what everybody already knows, let me say again that the alternative programmes in this country will be completely unaffected by advertisements, which will be individual, independent items appearing for a few minutes between regular features. It may be reassuring to remember that the B.B.C. has not gone to the dogs by occasionally announcing that "A new number of the *Radio Times* will be on sale . . ."

WHAT is even more reassuring is to see the work and plans that have already gone into the alternative television programmes.

I have spoken to a large number of people, businessmen and producers, planners, writers, actors and all have impressed me with their seriousness, with their sense of responsibility to the public. Their motives may be commercial (there is nothing disgraceful in that), but they are well aware that their financial success depends upon satisfying the viewers. Furthermore, they respect the general public and there will be none of this nonsense of talking down to the masses.

The standard of drama will be high. A certain number of plays have been filmed (*Continued on page* 62)

Maureen Davis, Rachel Gurney and Griffith Jones have already made "Change of Heart" for London transmission



"Are you the wife that I wished for?" the man asked. And she replied "Yes I am. My name is Leita"

THE THIRD WISH

By JOAN D. AIKEN

Illustrations by BROOKSHAW

ONCE there was a man who was driving in his car at dusk one spring evening through part of the forest of Savernake. His name was Mr. Peters. The primroses were just beginning but the trees were still bare, and it was cold; the birds had stopped singing an hour ago.

As Mr. Peters entered a straight, lonely stretch of road he seemed to hear a faint crying, and a struggling and thrashing, as if somebody was in trouble far away in the trees. He left his car and climbed the mossy bank beside the road. Beyond the bank was an open slope of beech trees leading down to thorn bushes through which he saw the gleam of water. He stood a moment waiting to try and discover where the noise was coming from, and presently heard a rustling and some strange cries in a voice which was almost human—and yet there was something too hoarse about it at one time and too clear and sweet at another. Mr. Peters ran down the hill and as he neared the bushes he began to see something white among them which was trying to extricate itself; coming closer he saw that it was a swan that had become entangled in the thorns growing on the bank of the canal.

The bird struggled all the more frantically as he approached, looking

at him with hate in its yellow eyes, and when he took hold of it to free it, hissed at him, pecked him, and thrashed dangerously with its wings which were powerful enough to break his arm. Nevertheless he managed to release it from the thorns, and carrying it tightly with one arm, holding the snaky head well away with the other hand (for he did not wish his eyes pecked out), he took it to the verge of the canal and dropped it in.

The swan instantly assumed great dignity and sailed out to the middle of the water, where it put itself to rights with much dabbling and preening, smoothing its feathers with little showers of drops. Mr. Peters waited, to make sure that it was all right and had suffered no damage in its struggles. Presently the swan, when it was satisfied with its appearance, floated in to the bank once more, and in a moment, instead of the great white bird, there was a little man all in green with a golden crown and long beard, standing by the water. He had fierce glittering eyes and looked by no means friendly.

"Well sir," he said threateningly, "I see you are presumptuous enough to know some of the laws of magic. You think that because you have rescued—by pure good fortune—the King of the Forest from a difficulty, you should have some fabulous reward."

"I expect three wishes, no more and no less," answered Mr. Peters, looking at him steadily and with composure.

"Three wishes, he wants, the clever man! Well, I have yet to hear of the human being who made any good use of his three wishes—they mostly end up worse off than they started. Take your three wishes then—" he flung three dead leaves in the air "—don't blame me if you spend the last wish in undoing the work of the other two."

Mr. Peters caught the leaves and put two of them carefully in his notecase. When he looked up the swan was sailing about in the middle of the water again, flicking the drops angrily down its long neck.

MR. PETERS stood for some minutes reflecting on how he should use his reward. He knew very well that the gift of three magic wishes was one which brought trouble more often than not, and he had no intention of being like the forester who first wished by mistake for a sausage, and then in a rage wished it on to the end of his wife's nose, and then had to use his last wish in getting it off again. Mr. Peters had most of the things which he wanted and was very content with his life. The only thing that troubled him was that he was

a little lonely, and had no companion for his old age. He decided to use his first wish and to keep the other two in case of an emergency. Taking a thorn he pricked his tongue with it, to remind himself not to utter rash wishes aloud. Then holding the third leaf and gazing round him at the dusky undergrowth, the primroses, great beeches and the blue-green water of the canal, he said :

"I wish I had a wife as beautiful as the forest."

A tremendous quacking and splashing broke out on the surface of the water. He thought that it was the swan laughing at him. Taking no notice he made his way through the darkening woods to his car, wrapped himself up in the rug and went to sleep.

When he awoke it was morning and the birds were beginning to call. Coming along the track towards him was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, with eyes as blue-green as the canal, hair as dusky as the bushes, and skin as white as the feathers of swans.

"Are you the wife that I wished for?" asked Mr. Peters.

"Yes I am," she replied. "My name is Leita."

She stepped into the car beside him and they drove off to the church on the outskirts of the forest, where they were married. Then he took her to his house in a remote and lovely valley and showed her all his treasures—the bees in their white hives, the Jersey cows, the hyacinths, the silver candlesticks, the blue cups and the lustre bowl for putting primroses in. She admired everything, but what pleased her most was the river which ran by the foot of his garden.

"Do swans come up here?" she asked.

"Yes, I have often seen swans there on the river," he told her, and she smiled.

Leita made him a good wife. She was gentle and friendly, busied herself about the house and garden, polished the bowls, milked the cows and mended his socks. But as time went by Mr. Peters began to feel that she was not happy. She seemed restless, wandered much in the garden, and sometimes when he came back from the fields he would find the house empty and she would only return after half an hour or so with no explanation of where she had been. On these occasions she was always especially tender and would put out his slippers to warm and cook his favourite dishes—Welsh rarebit with wild strawberries—for supper.

One evening he was returning home down the river path when he saw Leita in front of him, down by

(*Continued on page* 62)

He saw Leita with her arms round a swan's neck. She was weeping and tears were rolling, too, from the swan's eye

our Garden is my florist

by ELIZABETH HAY

IF you love arranging flowers as I do, gardening takes on a wider aspect than just growing them. I choose plants with a double vision of their flowering outdoors and in the house.

I had never appreciated the possibilities of clematis for flower arrangements until I saw a corner of the Dutch exhibit at the Ghent Floralies. I have never forgotten it. Against the background of green turf and spring foliage were great bushes of lilac with pale yellow tulips shining at the feet and amid this lovely harmony of colour, the exhibitors had set a vase of white clematis on the grass. Their purpose was to show a greenhouse variety of the plant, but to me it suggested a room in the same lovely colours as the background with white clematis trailing from a vase.

We had none in the garden at that time, but now I have six different varieties trained over the short rose pergola which leads into the vegetable garden where they tangle themselves among the roses. It is early yet to tell if they will flourish in our soil but I have great hopes for them.

As they are derived from woodland plants, clematis like their roots kept cool with a touch of lime in the soil. If you think of growing some be sure to give them some if the soil inclines to acidity. A mulch of leaves makes a cool bed for their feet if they are in a sunny place. Because of their fragility, I suppose, they like support from other climbing plants but there is one variety which grows very happily on its own. This is *C. Jackmani* which you often see pouring its purple blossom over cottage porches in the late summer.

MY plants went in this spring and though they were already budding up the stem, Roy advised cutting them down to within eighteen inches of the ground. The idea is to encourage more lateral branches and more flowers, but I confess cutting them gave me a pang, and I am waiting anxiously to see how they like our garden and my treatment of them. In the past we have grown *C. Montana* on a North wall, and it never failed with its mass of bloom in May and June. The birds loved it for their nesting.

Roses, of course, form the nucleus of my flower arrangements now. The beauty of rose growing is that with so many varieties to choose from there are sure to be some that will do in the soil one happens to have.

The modern hybrid teas are wonderful for arrangement indoors because of their lovely shape and perfume, but they like a deep rich soil and if you haven't got this to offer them, the results are apt to be disappointing, though it is possible to create the right conditions with feeding, watering and mulching.

Polyanthus roses too are delicate and lovely for indoors, and have a wonderfully long flowering life from June until October. There are enchanting colours and good heads of flowers, but if you have polyanthus roses you must do without perfume for once.

PERHAPS the loveliest rose perfumes of all come with the old-fashioned varieties. They have a shorter flowering period than the polyanthus but they grow well in almost any soil. And do, as we are talking about perfumed roses, find room for a sweet briar in your garden. Have you ever caught the lovely whiff of its foliage after a shower in the early summer? I love it for its dainty blossom, and the brilliant hips which later add their scarlet to autumn flower arrangements.

If you have trouble with pests in your rose beds, don't go on having it. A Benzene hexachloride spray soon fixes them, and I hear that we are soon to have a reliable control for black spot in Captan in various formulations.

Some of the most satisfying arrangements I have in the house are made with peonies. They are good to grow for indoor decoration if you have a smaller garden because a few make a fine splash.

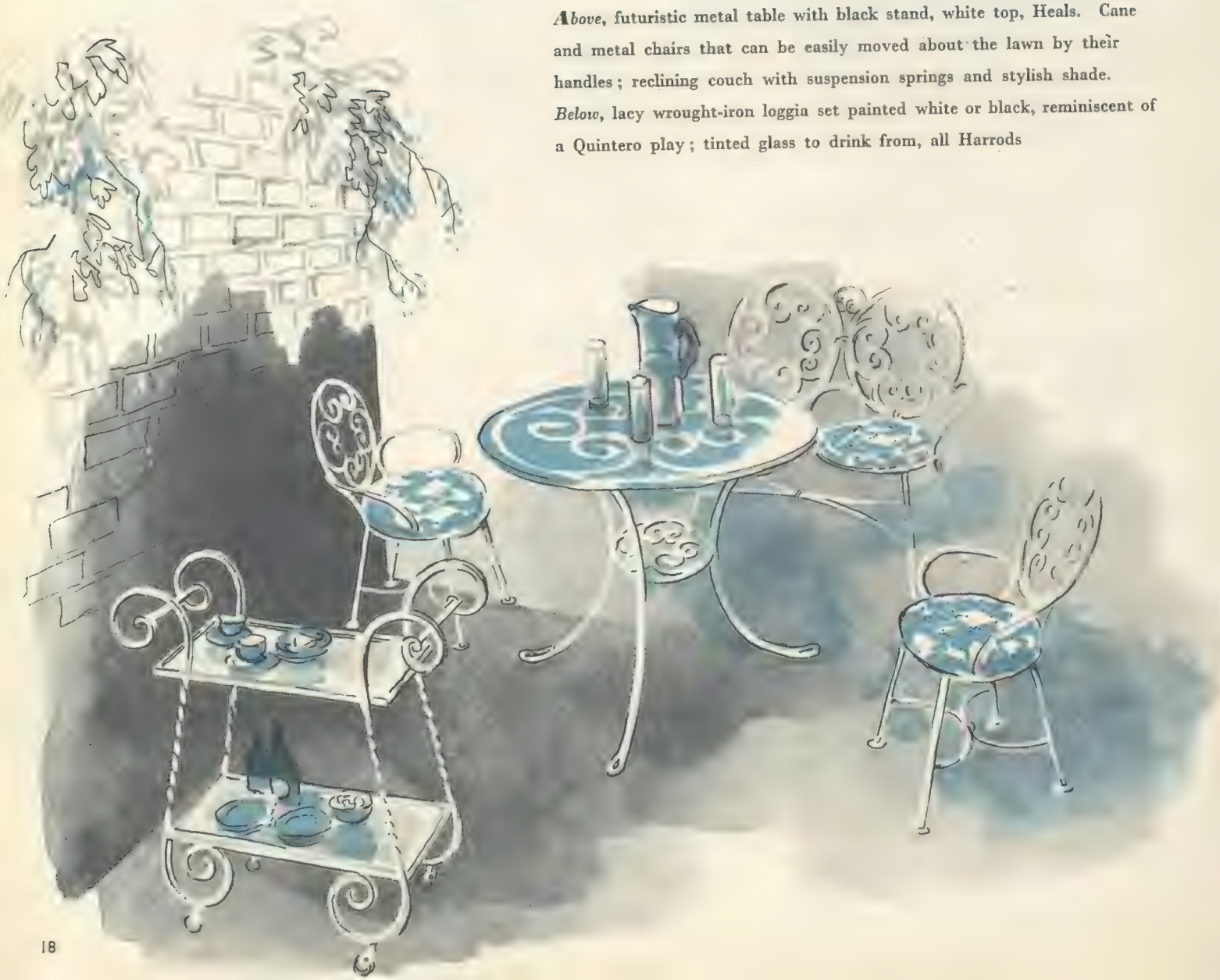
A Barbecue fireplace, *above*, for garden meals the American way. Fireplace by Claygate. Round it are a swing lounge, the very last word in comfort (Harrods). A very modern cane and metal chair (*top left*), good for service indoors and out. The cane armchair has a miniature companion both from Heals and the drink-server in the foreground saves carrying trays, from Harrods

LIVING ON THE LAWN

Bring the garden into use as extra living-space. Sit out, eat out and live out and get all possible advantage from the precious days of sun and the long, lovely evenings of summer. Equip the garden for comfort as you would your living-room with bright, portable furniture and all the pleasant paraphernalia of meals outdoors, equipment which can be moved into place at the first wink of a blue sky

In the group *on the right* is a gay pagoda umbrella shading four upholstered cane chairs to relax every inch of the body. From Harrods. In the illustration on the *opposite page* another design for garden tables and chairs of metal and brightly-painted wood. From Heals. Black and white Denby ware is on the table and a small soup cauldron with a spirit burner. Useful for evening outdoor meals and at other times indoors

Above, futuristic metal table with black stand, white top, Heals. Cane and metal chairs that can be easily moved about the lawn by their handles; reclining couch with suspension springs and stylish shade. *Below*, lacy wrought-iron loggia set painted white or black, reminiscent of a Quintero play; tinted glass to drink from, all Harrods



Nothing is older than wickerwork furniture—or so new. Here are some contemporary examples of the wickerwork nursery and kitchen chairs which, for many of us, still creak happily through childhood memories. The advantages of this woven wicker are known of old—they are light, very durable and—a special virtue for garden furniture—unharmed by showers of rain. As you see, they are also picturesque

Sunshine and English breezes being what they are, a draughtproof seat outdoors has much to be said for it. The two canopied chairs shown are designed on traditional lines. You can turn your face to the sun while you sit, and screen yourself from capricious draughts. Both chairs are fitted with seat cushions

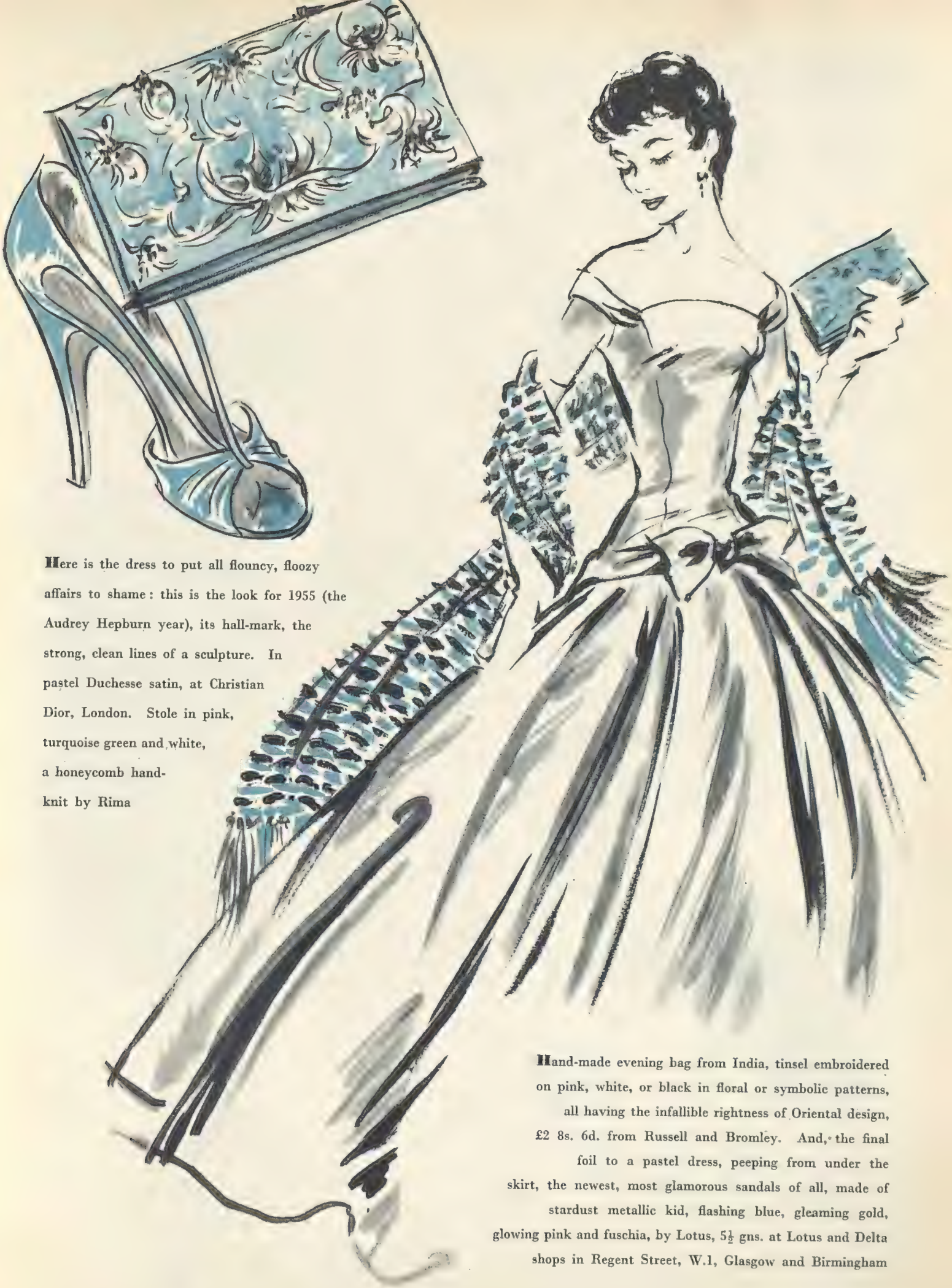
A touch of decoration for the lawn and a nice gesture to the birds comes from the same Craftsman's Market (at Heals, London). A feeding tray with a wickerwork roof. And to encourage tidiness while you are living on the lawn there is a lightweight paper basket that fits into the scheme of things. Wickerwork again with a removable metal lining in bright colours

Illustrations by SCHWARZ

THE LINE YOU MUST TAKE

A thousand travesties have been perpetrated in the name of the A-line since it first burst upon the world in the Spring. Now is the time, therefore, to recapitulate, to return for refreshment to the original inspiration which (as the flood of imitations proves) was, in fact, a major revolution in the history of fashion, comparable with the New Look. The norm is here represented by two models from Christian Dior, London: (*left*) the day dress—note the *high*, straight neckline—as integral a part of the A as the fullness springing from the hips. The hat, front-parted like the wings of a large bird in flight, also comes from Christian Dior, London, and provides a symmetrical balance to the full, calf-length skirt

The delicate, summery court shoes with softly folded fronts are in white suéde, 6 gns. The gathered Dorothy bag is made of the only practical material for a white bag—nylon, £2 15s. 9d.
Both from Russell and Bromley



Here is the dress to put all flouncy, floozy affairs to shame: this is the look for 1955 (the Audrey Hepburn year), its hall-mark, the strong, clean lines of a sculpture. In pastel Duchesse satin, at Christian Dior, London. Stole in pink, turquoise green and white, a honeycomb hand-knit by Rima

Hand-made evening bag from India, tinsel embroidered on pink, white, or black in floral or symbolic patterns, all having the infallible rightness of Oriental design, £2 8s. 6d. from Russell and Bromley. And, the final foil to a pastel dress, peeping from under the skirt, the newest, most glamorous sandals of all, made of stardust metallic kid, flashing blue, gleaming gold, glowing pink and fuschia, by Lotus, 5½ gns. at Lotus and Delta shops in Regent Street, W.1, Glasgow and Birmingham

TRAVELLING TO HOLIDAYS

The first stage: leaving England, it will probably be raining, or at least cold and windy. For this, a cosy, lightweight travel coat of alpaca and mohair mixture in natural, beige or fawn, with leather trimming. By Dereta, 12½ gns. at Dickins and Jones; Joan Barrie, Bolton. With it, a beret cloche of hand-crocheted raffia, made by Italian peasants, in a choice of many colours, by Woolley Sanders, 12s. at D. H. Evans; Edward Grey, Birmingham; Griffin and Spalding, Notts. The bag is Russell and Bromley's handsome pigskin "Travelog," fitted with lipstick-mirror, key ring and clothes brush, £10 5s.

Under the coat, and to wear by itself as latitudes lengthen, an easy-fitting suit in natural shantung, with double row of bamboo buttons, and tan silk necktie. By Roecliff and Chapman, 14 gns. at Bourne and Hollingsworth; Samuel Hall, Cardiff; Nottingham House, Preston. A-line Boater in pale green baku trimmed with cream, by Dolores, £3 19s. 6d. at Dickins and Jones; Garlands, Norwich

A white outfit that packs without creasing, tubs, and dries like a dream. Lace top, nylon skirt, both dainty but strong. The blouse, of Cluny lace, is by Clapholt, £6 2s. at McDonalds, Harrogate ; Stanley Ltd., Birmingham. Permanently pleated skirt in heavy nylon, white, black or navy, by Eric Paneth, about 7 gns. at Jays London ; Hendersons, Liverpool ; Marshall and Snelgrove of Manchester, Leeds and Bradford

Still further South, she can take to a cotton dress : this is Bijou's camisole-top sun-dress in a fern-and-flower print which looks like a coloured etching. The print in our illustration had donkey-brown fern leaves studded with flowers of turquoise blue ; also grey leaves/lime-green flowers ; peacock blue leaves/red flowers ; and green leaves/cyclamen flowers. Price £4 10s. at Jacksons, Potters Bar ; Hammonds, Hull

The great moment has come: the Mediterranean (or Aegean, or Caribbean) invites . . .

DOWN TO THE SEA

Illustrations by JOAN PACE

She runs across the sands in Trulow's checked cotton swimsuit (the checks blurred in a watery way). Beneath are white rayon lastex pants. About £4 at Woollands, Knightsbridge; Bobbys of Eastbourne and Bournemouth. For playtime on the seashore, a shirt cut like a man's with a design of huge buttons and buttonholes chalked on a dramatic black ground. By London Pride, about 4 gns. at D. H. Evans (Sports Dept.), and Griffin and Spalding, Nottingham. The jeans are in spun nylon, white, with coloured saddle stitching. By Howard Flint, 3½ gns. at Gordon Lowe, Knightsbridge; Kendal Milne, Manchester

In Print or Gingham

Make it in gingham for the beach, in silk print for afternoon or informal evenings. All from one easy-to-sew basic pattern

YOU can make it in fine matt jersey; you can make it in stiff starched cotton. You can make it in patterned nylon, in polka dotted rayon. In beflowered surah, in demure shantung. You can wear it for mornings; you can wear it for afternoons. Or you can wear it for evenings. With short gloves, with long gloves and a parasol. With jewellery and with flowers. It is the most adaptable pattern you could ever want—and one of the simplest, too. More, it takes only 2¾ yards of material (36-inch), plus a small bit of material for the yoke lining.

Start by working out a paper pattern as the diagram. The back and front of the main part of the frock are alike. The yoke is divided at the back and allows for an overlap for buttoning.

If you are using a very thin nylon material and want a particularly full frock, you will need an extra length of material. Cut this lengthwise down the centre and add one half of the material to the front and one to the back. Before laying it on the pattern, lightly gather it across about 5 inches from the top, till it measures (*Continued on page 72*)

Illustrations by FISCHE

This is a dress which will change its character according to the material. In crisp check gingham it will look young, cool and casual, in printed silk nylon or rayon it could be dressed up for parties

The Chinese Bowl

By

BEATRICE KANE

She felt the tense knot of fear inside her, and somewhere, still a long way off, was a step, light and quick . . .

IT was an afternoon in late July when the air hummed with stillness, and the year seemed to pause trembling for a moment between flowering and fruitfulness.

I was washing china at the kitchen sink, and as I lifted each piece carefully from the flannel laid across the bottom of the bowl, I stared at the familiar marks as if by concentrating on them I could shut out the acute awareness, beyond the perception of the normal senses, that pressed in through every pore.

I felt at the same time the tired drag of the flesh over my cheekbones, the tense knot of fear inside me, the movement of Dick among the raspberry canes in the back garden, the breathless sigh of the last petal falling from the yellow rose outside the window, and somewhere, still a long way off, your step, light and quick. Coming towards me or going away? Perhaps at this moment you were deciding.

Worcester, Rockingham, Copenhagen, the blue crossed swords of Dresden—the little shepherdess nearly slipped from my hand as I thought I heard the click of the gate. But it was only a twig snapping back against the wall as a thrush flew off the cherry tree.

Footsteps brushed through grass and there was Dick, proffering a punnet of raspberries, throbbing crimson against the cool leaves, through the open window. I noticed again the fine shape of his arm below the rolled-up sleeve, the little white strip at the wrist where the watch-strap had been pushed back.

As I took the punnet our fingers (*Continued on page* 67)

Illustration by

SHERBORNE

Sherborne

Porcelain for

The motif for an exciting colour scheme is to be found in the enamels which flow from the brush of the artist in china decoration

WAS it the years of deprivation — austere textiles and china unadorned—that have made the English so colour-conscious? Vivid colour pervades our contemporary decoration, our clothes, and critics of the British tendency to "play safe" have been routed.

Do you hanker to live with a stimulating colour scheme, but falter at choosing one! If so think of the possibilities of lovely china as the inspiration and nucleus of an exciting room.

The brilliant hues of many English heirloom pieces would suffice, or one of the beautiful reproductions made in our famous English factories, but for enhanced brilliance these hand-painted reproductions have a special value as colour keys—and there is a reason for it.

The porcelain of ancient China had a purity of colour that puzzled and tantalized the potters of Europe for centuries. It was not until the early seventeen hundreds that the nature of the materials used was recognized and the mysterious brilliance so long sought was found to depend upon the use of hard-paste porcelain. The material was eagerly seized upon by the Continental artists of the eighteenth century, but the age of mass production and mechanical decoration pushed the method into the limbo again.

Now a French artist Monsieur Le Tellec has begun again where the eighteenth century left off and is using hard-paste porcelain for the lovely designs which he, with some fifty pupils, is producing and sending to this country.

Brilliant green, blue, and the "famille rose" reminiscent of so many French china masterpieces as well as a fairylike turquoise are used for backgrounds to flower designs which are closely linked with the traditional English Rockingham and Coalport.

Acquire a piece or a set of china like this and build your room about its lovely harmonies and your colour scheme will come to vivid life.

The brilliance which characterized the porcelain of the ancient Chinese dynasties, the secret of which was hidden for centuries from European artists in porcelain, is seen again in these specimens of hand-painted china by a French artist and his school

your Palette

Photographs by Deighton Wilkes

Red, blue, green and turquoise are used for body colour with flower decoration based on the tradition of French and English design of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. China by Le Tellec

All holiday routes South lead eventually to Cannes—one of the world's most elegant seaside playgrounds

Portofino, on the Ligurian riviera, has the comforts and all the natural beauties of the more isolated resorts

Continental

On the Road to

A shady patio near Tossa de Mar, Spain

The timeless beauty of the Italian coastline—on the road between Portofino and Santa Margherita

Travel . . .
by ANN YORK

. . . and Motoring
by GWEN ROBYNS

Halt on the heights—the Simplon Pass, Switzerland

Journey

Intriguing Places

The choice is yours—from the glamour of the great resorts to the hidden secrets of the by-ways of Europe

ARRIVING on the French side of the Channel is always exciting, but especially so when one is in a car and all set to rush south into the sun. If you are by-passing Paris you may well find yourselves in the neighbourhood of Tryes which, on account of its hosiery factories and flour mills you may pass as being just another industrial town. But don't, for here is one of the loveliest medieval towns in France with magnificent Gothic churches filled with treasures and stained glass rivalled only by Chartres. In the Church of St. Jean, Catherine of France was married to Henry V of England in 1420. There are whole streets of ancient houses, a famous library, a quaint haberdashery museum and, facing the market place the excellent Restaurant le Bourgogne, beloved of French gourmets. Here M. Noailles will (if given due notice) produce a *poulet de Bresse au champagne*—for remember you are in the champagne country—which is "out of this world." Order your lunch before, then explore the old town.

Spare a little time *en route* to the south for that aristocratic beauty, Aix-en-Provence. Here you are already in the southern sun and grateful to lunch or dine in the shade at the Restaurant Mistral, 44 Cours Mirabeau, surely the most remarkable thoroughfare in the south. There is much to see in Aix, a city of fountains and wonderful Romanesque architecture. No wonder its most famous son, Cèzanne, spent most of his life painting the Provençal characters in its cafés and the landscape around Le Tholonet which is six kilometres from Aix.

Twenty-four kilometres away is the charming Chateau la Barden built on a rock jutting out into the pine-covered valley. The Auberge du Chateau is a good place to eat and to stay well off the beaten track.

All holiday routes in the South lead eventually to Cannes, one of the world's most elegant seaside resorts.

(*Continued on next page*)

Lake beauty spot in Austria—the Wolfgang See (*above*) not very far from the town of Salzburg

Left: Draped in heavy black, native women defy the hot sunshine of the Portuguese village of Nazare

Saturday morning in Auvergne, the heart of France. The busy market-place of Clermont Ferrand

Left: Gypsy décor in one of the cave-homes of the Gitanos of Granada. St. Wolfgang, near Salzburg (*above*) boasts the original White Horse Inn of picturesque stage-show fame

Motoring Aspect

TAKING a car abroad for the first time can be the most enchanting holiday of your life—or the worst. It is as simple as that. And here I speak from experience because twice a year I contrive to bolster my deflated morale with a trip to the Continent. I am devoted to Britain as long as I can get away to the sun and the heady smells of Europe every so often.

On my first two trips abroad at the end of the war I learned the hard way. In 1947 my husband and I shared our pitiful travel allowance with two friends and their magnificent vintage Rolls. I nearly burst with pride when we negotiated the narrow twisting French village streets only to be greeted with: "Ah les Anglais, bravo!" In fact from my back seat I had to use the utmost restraint from indulging in an occasional royal wave.

Wherever we went the service was de luxe—and so were the bills. In the end we grew crafty and parked the car some distance from the restaurant, arriving on foot. It is a rule that I find invaluable today.

I have also learned through experience that if you are sharing a car someone has got to be boss. Someone has to be able to say quite firmly at 5 p.m. "No farther." Otherwise you run the risk of motoring till dark and not being able to get a hotel at all. A starlit (*Continued on page* 70)

A car goes ashore at Majorca

Spanish appeal (*above*): Cadaques on the Costa Brava. (*Right*) the Town Hall and St. George's fountain at Rothenburg on Tauber

Below: Sunshine, water and the climbing woods form a pattern of contentment at Paraggi, Italy

Cannes has everything, sandy beaches, a famous palm tree lined promenade, the Croisette, beloved of our Edward VII, whose statue smiles down upon the flowers and the elegant women *en route* for the Casino. Most of the famous jewellers and dressmakers from Paris have branches in Cannes so the shops on the Croisette and in the Avenue d'Antibes are an added attraction. If, and when, sophistication palls, make an expedition into the Esterels, those lovely hills covered with pines and cork trees through which the Esterel or Golden Cornice winds, crossing the steep passes high above the sea.

Near Le Trayas the road winds away up to one of the few unfrequented beauty spots, Miramar d'Esterel with its jolly little Hotel St. Christophe. Few people who find this tiny village leave it, except to go down to the sea to bathe, during the whole holiday season.

These refuges clinging to hillsides have a fascination all their own. If you find yourself in Southern Italy, Amalfi, magnificently situated high up on the Salerno Peninsula commands a marvellous view over the Bay of Salerno. The climate is remarkably mild even in the winter and at Christmas it is a bower of flowers. The atmosphere in this oldest of the Italian Maritime Republics is, at all times of the year, redolent of all the past grace of the Renaissance and of the everlasting beauty bequeathed to Italy by the Moorish-Sicilian architects.

At the beginning of the road leading from Amalfi to Positano are the two ship yards of the ancient Republic divided by heavy pilasters and (*Continued on page* 70)

This photograph, appropriately enough, forms the frontispiece of Michaela Denis's *Leopard In My Lap*

BOOKS

by TREVOR ALLEN

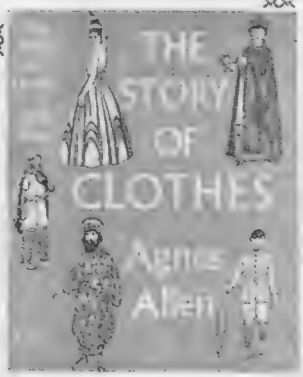
BECAUSE they lived in a world of high romance, a special glamour seems to surround nineteenth century singers like Clara Novello. Born in 1818, she grew up in a musical family which numbered Charles Lamb, the Leigh Hunts, Keats and the Shelleys among its friends. When she was taken to Paris to study at M. Choron's Academy she met Rossini, then living in an attic floor of the *Théâtre Italien*; she knew also Schumann, Mendelssohn, Malibran, and other celebrities on triumphant European tours. Marrying the Liberal Count Gigliucci, she became saturated with the spirit of the new Italy and mothered a Garibaldi Red Shirt. Averil Mackenzie-Grieve's **"Clara Novello"** (Bles, 18s.) is accordingly a biography teeming with vivid interest; indeed, a pageant of an age as well as a life of a remarkable woman, enriched by letters, diaries, family papers, excellent illustrations. There may even be too much doting detail for some, but not for me or anyone of musical taste.

The Empress Frederick of Germany, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, was a very different type of woman: tragically at odds with the Court into which she married, and often with herself and her son. Between 1889 and 1901 she wrote 2,000 letters to her daughter, Crown Princess and later Queen of the Hellenes, which posterity is lucky to possess. Introducing **"The Empress Frederick Writes To Sophie"** (Faber, 25s.), her granddaughter Helen, Queen Mother of Roumania, says that Sophie, her mother, in exile after 1924, began arranging the million-word correspondence but had made little progress when she died in 1931. The letters were kept in Queen Helen's house near Florence, and when war came, and she was in Roumania, her sister Irene, Duchess of Aosta, took them to hers for safety, but soon afterwards was arrested by the S.S. and taken to Germany. During the 1944 fighting the house was bombarded and looted. Returning after the war, she learned that her servants had saved some of the letters, found strewn about the grounds. The rest were in a cellar in a heavy metal box which the looters had forced open but not stayed to destroy. They have now been carefully edited and cut by Air Vice-Marshal Arthur Gould Lee, (*Continued on page* 63)

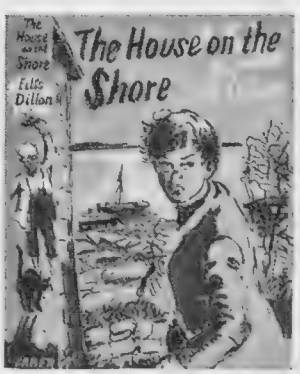
ALL DOLLED UP

ALICE K. EARLY has a unique collection of old English dolls. Her first doll was a little wooden one found in a box of toys buried with an Egyptian child 3,000 years ago, and she discovered that dolls in the remote past were more than playthings; they were credited with occult powers, used as substitutes for human sacrifices in bloody rites. More recently they served as fashion mannequins. She traces their fascinating history in an elegant, richly illustrated book, **"English Dolls, Effigies And Puppets"** (Batsford, 25s.) which includes a chapter on the wooden ones—now in the London Museum—which Queen Victoria kept, dressed and carefully catalogued as a child.

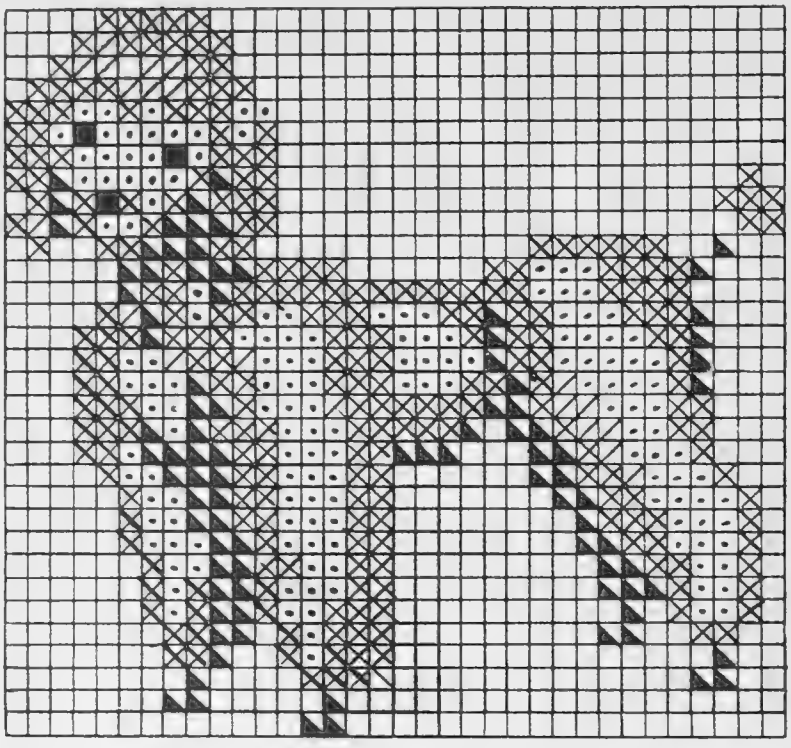
Another piquant history is Agnes Allen's **"The Story Of Clothes"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.), copiously illustrated with line drawings, which shows the evolution of fashion from earliest to modern times. Primitive people wore clothes for decoration, not warmth—like the native who was seen to don a short cape on entering a building for a tribal conference and doff it when he emerged into the open again! In the fourteenth century styles and fabrics were rigidly allotted by sumptuary laws, according to rank and class.



Fashion's evolution is copiously illustrated in Agnes Allen's fascinating study *The Story Of Clothes*



Eilis Dillon's *The House On The Shore* (left) is beautifully written, fancifully illustrated by Richard Kennedy



Working diagram for the poodle: ◣ = dark grey; × = mid grey; · = pale grey; ■ = black; \ = pillar-box red.

Companions in Cross-stitch

These companion designs have many applications. Mount and frame them as a pair of miniatures . . . embroider them large scale on a nursery rug . . . small scale for a tray cloth . . . on cushions, on chairbacks, the poodle and the Siamese cat are an accommodating pair . . .

Designs by VIVIEN INGHAM

Illustration by BROOM LYNNE

THE original miniatures, exactly the same size as they appear in the centre of the colour page opposite, were worked on Glenshee embroidery linen of the fine quality which has approximately 22 threads per inch in each direction. The embroidery was done in Clark's Anchor stranded thread in the shades given on the charts. You will need very little silk of each shade, nothing like a skein, to work the motifs in miniature. Work with three strands of thread in the needle and take each cross stitch over two threads each time.

Worked in these materials, the miniatures could be framed, used on a tea cosy or under glass for table mats or tea-tray. But the patterns can be worked on many different kinds of material and can be used in many different ways. It is, however, important that whatever material you work on, the threads are evenly woven. Do not be lead into thinking that you can work a cross stitch pattern on anything other than an evenly woven cloth. You will get some highly peculiar results if the threads are not uniform in size, straight in alignment or if they have a different number of threads per inch in each direction. Check up on the material before starting to work.

If you use open mesh canvas, the kind used for tapestry pictures or fire-screens you will get a very good result on a larger scale. Open mesh canvas will give you about 10 stitches to the inch and you can, of course, calculate the finished size of your embroidery by counting the number of squares on the chart. You will need to fill in the background with solid cross stitch in a shade to throw the design into relief, so choose a strongly contrasting colour. Wools can be used on tapestry canvas, instead of silk. Wool will produce a bolder effect and will show the little animals off well. Working on a tapestry canvas, you could adapt the motifs for chair sets, firescreens or, in fact, for anything normally covered with *gros point* tapestry.

The motifs could also make an attractive nursery rug design. Imagine the rug divided into squares of alternating colours, rather on the same principle as the tray cloth illustrated, with the cat and the poodle appearing in the light squares. For this you would need rug canvas and rug wool. The largest mesh in rug canvas (*Continued on page* 66)

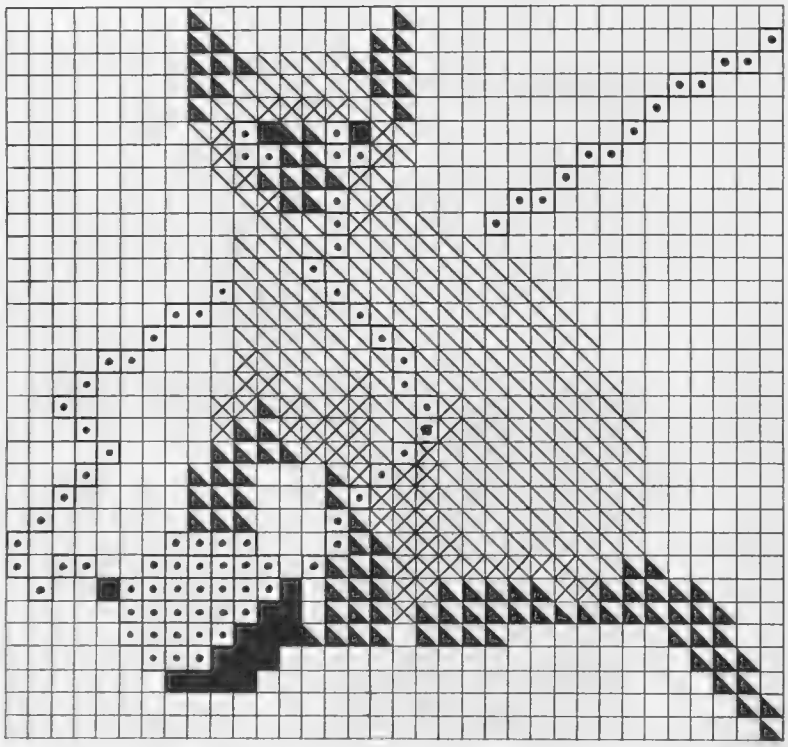


Diagram for the Siamese cat: ◣ = dark brown; × = mid brown; \ = pink; ■ = dark blue; · = light blue.

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in a Swimsuit

SOME women look their best in swimsuits . . . this article is for those who *don't*. Actually, few are born with model proportions, but that does not mean that you cannot have an attractive figure. Your task between now and the holidays, is to make your figure good of its kind.

There are three main figure categories —thin, fat and muscular. Once you have recognized which category you come into, you can then set about turning thin into slender, fat into rounded and muscular into lithe, as the case may be.

Use the full length mirror, not the bathroom scales as your mentor . . . scales do not tell you whether the pounds . . . or lack of them . . . are in the right places. The mirror will. The thin ones will have no difficulty in recognizing their figure grouping. The overweight ones might. Are you solid, with seemingly unbudgeable bulges, which no one could call fat, yet heaven knows is not slim? Then you come into the muscular class. But if there is a roll round your midriff, if you can "pick up" the flesh on your shoulders and thighs, then face up to it . . . you are plump.

Diet can take off weight appreciably in a month if you stick faithfully to it, exercises take longer, but correction of posture can make an immediate improvement in a poor figure. Have a dress rehearsal in your swimsuit and study your sideways reflection in a full-length mirror. Do the shoulders droop, does the tummy bulge, is the seat too much in evidence? If so, try straightening your spine . . . tuck in your tail and flatten your midriff. Just standing correctly like this will *apparently* take off inches . . . remember that on the beach.

WOMEN with figure problems should take the choice of swimsuit as seriously as choice of foundation. There are swimsuits designed with all the cunning of a clever foundation garment, with tops that are built as bras, with insets of elastic and panels with bones to flatten the tummy and slim the hips. So there is no *need* to look shapeless in a swimsuit. A softly draped line around the hips is better above large thighs than an uncompromising straight line.

Colour, of course, is important. Dark colours minimize, light colours increase apparent size, so pastel swimsuits are for thin figures. But black is not the only dark colour . . . dark peacock blue or dark mulberry red is as slimming and more becoming to not-yet-tanned limbs.

If you would like a chart of calory values, send a stamped and addressed envelope to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2.

CATEGORY PLUMP

Diet: Aim at 1,500-2,000 calories a day . . . but make sure that what you eat is nutritionally satisfying. Your meals should consist mainly of lean meat, salads, vegetables, fruit and 1 pint of milk a day (for all the vitamins required) . . . and no snacks. Add a little bread, etc. to make up the calory requirement and you have a diet which will reduce your waistline appreciably before August.

Exercise: to firm tummy muscles, flatten midriff and tone generally. You are one to benefit from the excellent body treatments given at Helena Rubinstein or Elizabeth Arden beauty salons.

Choose: A swimsuit with a soft hipline in a dark colour to slim. This Slix swimsuit with centre panel, side-draped over a non-stretch foundation, and well cut bra is perfect for plump *baigneuses*.

CATEGORY THIN

Diet: Aim at 3,000 calories a day and a balanced diet rich in the Vit B complex. Don't think that you must eat masses of the foods generally regarded as "fattening" . . . they won't act reversewise for you. Put your faith in the natural forms of Vitamin B complex, the "builder" vitamin . . . wheatgerm, wholemeal bread, herrings, liver, dairy produce and milk . . . lots of it. Don't go too long between meals . . . two little ones are better than one big one . . . and eat slowly ! Exercise: Yes, for you, too. Practice slow, deep breathing and relax ! Your underweight probably derives from being too tense. Developing exercises help, swimming for the bust, cycling for the legs.

Choose: A bathing suit which is fairly light in colour and thank the fashion pundits who sponsored the "covered up" look for the beach. This Jantzen suit with little cap sleeves, bloomer legs and a softly rounded neckline is figure flattery for you.

CATEGORY STURDY

Diet: Aim at 2,500 calories a day. Even if your weight has not fluctuated much either way for years, don't be lulled into thinking that what and how much you eat is unimportant. Yours is the figure type that so easily puts on weight and you have too large a frame to carry it gracefully. So, see that your diet is well balanced and hovers around 2,500 calories.

Exercises: The "physical jerk" variety will only toughen your already muscular figure so avoid those which might overdevelop the muscles and go for ones that will encourage a sense of rhythm and grace . . . like Greek dancing. For localized fat, try "spot" reducing massage.

Choose: A swimsuit with smooth, slimming, uncluttered lines, like the Slix suit here, with its clever use of stripes and built-in halter neckline.

FLY HOME, MY HEART

By ROGER SPRY

SHE stood above the little cove, a straight figure against the winter sky. An afternoon breeze, lazy with rain, parted her hair at the slender neck and flapped at the old raincoat.

Her face, lifted seaward, was set in fine stubborn lines, her head was tilted and her eyes held a far-off gentle expression.

Last summer. . . . Even the very words had a sad receding sound, growing fainter.

She sighed.

Last summer . . . and Robbie. It all came back now, the scent and the sound of sea-things and the way it had been between them . . . until it happened.

She could never say just when she had first sensed disaster, that afternoon, the uneasy awareness that something warm had gone from the air. She could remember that on the beach Robbie wasn't to be found. He had promised they would climb the hill. And so she had sat there waiting, watching a little black dog chasing the gulls. It was the time when Robbie had begun sleeping at the inn instead of in his little boat. She hadn't known whether that meant that he was staying longer, and nothing in the world would have induced her to ask.

And she hadn't realized until now how the same reluctance to know more about him had persisted all those weeks—where he came from, what was his world, or what, even, kept him there in the little cove.

She realized now, too, that she hadn't wished to know. All she had wanted to know was the Robbie she knew. To pry into the yesterdays which she hadn't shared, or the tomorrows which would take him away, was to break the spell. She would keep her own Robbie—Robbie of the boat, of the little beach which somehow he had made complete, Robbie swimming and calling, Robbie lazy on the sands by her side, strangely still and staring upward. . . .

"What do you see, *amigo*?"

"I see oblivion."

Robbie painting her in her yellow dress, sitting in Potter's meadow. When it was finished he seemed pleased enough, but it wasn't very good. That wasn't important, he said, it was the painting that mattered. Then, when their eyes had met, she thought she had seen his guard lowered for an instant. Gravely he had said, "You know, Marian, inside I think you must be quite beautiful. . . ."

And so she had been sitting on the beach watching the little black dog long enough when Robbie had come at last; and it was clear by the look on his face that he had forgotten his promise about the hill.

"Look, Marian." He flourished something. It was an under-water diving mask. He showed her its oval window and how it fitted on the head. She tried it on too, just to please him.

"Pearl diving!" He was all keen, just like a big kid. She had to smile. "Come on, let's go."

So once more they had never gone to the hill.

THE swimming mask absorbed him. She rowed out a little and he slipped over the side. She could see his brown body, trim in its white trunks, sailing to and fro under the boat. Presently he broke surface and hung on to the gunwale, his fair hair plastered to his head. His eyes, more green-lit than ever behind the streaming window, had a queer remote look. He explained carefully that you could see things without the distortion of broken light rays. He was charmed.

Then he sank again, and after a while began teasing her,

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ON and OFF STAGE

Regency flavour: a house of golden yellow; the dress, the debutante and the actress

The original sketches for Michael Sherard's designs for Celia Johnson in "The Reluctant Debutante"

By MICHAEL SHERARD

SITTING in the train returning from a recent visit to Brighton, I sat contentedly wondering whether I was unusually lucky or whether Brighton was always blessed with far more than an average quota of sunshine. For to me Brighton means sparkling air and sunshine. It is without doubt my favourite English seaside town. I mean by this the whole delightful stretch of coast from Rottingdean to Portslade: all this to me is Brighton, in the same way that one generalises in calling a mass of boroughs London.

I love and am intrigued by the town's many sides and facets. There is the joy of searching the "lanes" for unexpected treasures, the astounding elegance of the stucco Regency squares, terraces and crescents, the "bel air" that creeps into the pure and classic detail and faultless proportions of rows of tucked-away villas.

There is a fairy-tale enchantment to the pastrycook Royal Pavilion. It is now, I believe, restored almost to the state in which it was last seen by its eccentric creator, the Prince Regent. Gradually, the original fittings have been restored. Many, through the discernment of the late Queen Mary, were returned from Buckingham Palace, where they had been stored since Queen Victoria had the Pavilion dismantled, so that its rather too-shocking memories (*Continued on page 71*)

Lark House .... is modern—it was only recently completed—yet it has the gracious character of older structures to reinforce contemporary comfort

The starkness which afflicts even the best houses when they are new has been avoided at Lark House, which is in Hertfordshire, for the good reason that it was built in an old garden where an attractive setting of trees and lawns was waiting to provide a picturesque frame for the new house of white colour-washed brick and tile and an important Georgian-style porch. A subtle fusion of the eighteenth-century tradition with contemporary style has been achieved in the proportions of this modern family house. Inside there are three bedrooms, a study, drawing-room and dining-room, bathroom and kitchen, with a garage and workshop on the side. Fibreglass insulation in the roof and Vermicolite lagging of all pipes render the house frost and heatproof, winter and summer.

The long drawing-room with its graceful bow window dominates the garden and features the view of a flower-filled herbaceous border. A smaller window and a door to the garden, on the right of the picture window, bring floods of light into this pretty and spacious room. The Bell Superheat fireplace with its pine and marble surround has a back boiler and an under-floor air duct for greater burning efficiency, while a four-day ash-pan reduces grate-cleaning to the minimum. This fire also heats two radiators, one in the same room and another in the bedroom on the floor above.

The fire surround in the study was made by the owner at a total cost of £4 10s. from an old grave-stone, a sheet of fluted asbestos and Parana pine. The Redfyre has a back boiler which heats two radiators in the hall and one in the bedroom.

The kitchen, right, running from front to back of the house, is superbly fitted and spacious. Windows over the sink flood the business end of the room with light and the Vent Air over the cooker carries away cooking smells and keeps the atmosphere fresh. All surfaces, from the glossy-textured cupboards, and flush-fitting wall fixtures to the tile-faced wall around the sink and cooker, are dedicated to easy cleaning. A striped cotton awning covers the Canopy of Vent Air over the streamlined gas cooker. There are mixer taps over the stainless-steel sink, and all cooking utensils are housed in the cupboards around the sink and adjacent to the stove. A lightweight stool, also covered with the same striped cotton as the curtains, is at the right height for sitting at the working surface.

A radiator under the long window at the extreme end of the Lark House kitchen is supplied from the Agamatic, which also feeds radiators in the bathroom, dining-room and bedroom above. This is in addition to the general hot-water supply to the house. All chimneys have been grouped in the centre of the house to conserve heat—a fact which (plus the efficient insulation) makes for a maximum utilisation of heat at a lower cost. Blue-and-white striped kitchen china on the shelves over the full-size refrigerator pick up the colouring of the curtains and polished pans glint against the tiled recess into which the boiler is set.

Garden views from a deep window and from the door leading out to it give light and spaciousness to the small dining-room where curtain fabric of trailing ivy on a white ground merge with the view and make a striking feature from within. A circular table is better choice for a small room than one with projecting angles. This one seats six people in comfort. The shadowless light pendant over it is on the retractable principle and pulls down to the low level for dining.

Photographs by Humphrey and Vera Joel

The main bedroom is invested with the traditional qualities of the country house, yet the result is unmistakably modern. Chintz at the windows and on the upholstered bed-ends provides an attractive design motif against severely plain walls. Again the garden view is framed by deep sash windows, and the whole effect is of airiness, light and space.

Architects :
George McLean & Partners.

Clear white enhances the graceful proportions of the lofty hall, which is tiled with black and white in the traditional diamond design with a narrow surrounding margin of black. An eighteenth-century sofa-table and a gilt mirror are in perfect accord with the décor which, though modern in conception, has the elegant quality of the Georgian tradition. The cool austerity of the entrance hall is softened by clever livening touches here and there, the decorative china pig which sits on the floor, the colourful flower arrangements in a wall bracket and in a vase before the mirror, and through the glass-paned door there is framed a view into the long drawing-room beyond.

The house has three bedrooms. The room below is one of the smaller ones. Every room has a radiator and wood-block floors have been used throughout, though many of them are, as in this bedroom, close-carpeted. The curtains are cotton satin with a small, self-coloured spot design.

The view from the back of the house shows the mature beauty of the garden and smooth encircling lawns, and spotlights the pretty square-paned Georgian bow window of the drawing-room. The recessed portion of the house on the right of the picture is the kitchen. The dining-room window is on the right of the main block, with the study window between it and the drawing-room.

Blackcurrants, redcurrants, raspberries, strawberries . . . the soft fruits in their seasons are past almost as soon as they have appeared . . . but one way of preserving the summer is to turn them into . . .

Jam!

Cookery by

JANET DARBY

NOTHING brings out the poet in me so readily as a well-stocked preserves cupboard. To open a door and see rows of glowing jars, the delicate colours of their luscious contents shining through the glass, is enough to make anybody feel poetic, and when you know that this beautiful sight is, quite literally, the fruit of your labours, don't you feel good ?

And this pleasure is so easily attained. The basic rules for successful jam-making are simple, and you don't need special equipment. A large copper preserving pan is a good thing to have, but not essential ; a large aluminium saucepan will do. You will need a measuring jug and a stainless knife, but scales can be dispensed with if you buy the exact quantity of fruit you require and the exact amount of sugar. Scales are useful, of course, especially if (joy of joys !) you are using fruit which you have grown yourself. You will need jam-jars, and parchment or cellophane tops, with rubber bands to keep them on. That 's absolutely all.

A few general rules. Whatever fruit you choose, it should be absolutely fresh, unbruised, and preferably under-ripe. Over-ripe fruit lacks pectin, which is essential for a good " set." Use granulated or lump sugar or, as a change, half-sugar and half-honey, but in this case the jam must be cooked for a few minutes longer, or it will not set. Warm the sugar (in a cool oven) before adding it to the fruit, and make sure it has completely dissolved before bringing the mixture to the boil again, otherwise the preserve may be sugary. Put absolutely clean jars in a cool oven to warm through before filling them. There are two reasons for this : (1) your jars must be sterile clean ; and (2) hot jam will crack cold glass.

When the jam is ready, stir it to distribute the fruit evenly and allow it to cool slightly before potting. Don't skim the jam. It 's a wicked waste, and unnecessary to boot. To ensure a sparkling and clear preserve, add a quarter-ounce of butter, or half a teaspoonful of glycerine, just before you turn off the heat. Test for setting by dropping a very little into some methylated spirits. If it coagulates at once it is ready ; if it turns into several small blobs, cook for a few minutes longer, then test again.

Some fruits, and especially strawberries and cherries, normally lack pectin, but you can ensure a good set by adding gooseberry or redcurrant juice, allowing half-pint of juice to 2 lb. of fruit. Neither the flavour nor the colour of the jam will be affected. The manufactured pectin preparations can be used, of course, but the first method is cheaper.

There is a recipe for strawberry jam which does give you a whole-fruit preserve which sets quite well. Small berries are best. (*Continued on page 72*)

Beads on the Yoke

John Cole

Knitted in soft pink wool, with a lacework yoke, square neckline and a sprinkling of white beads, which are repeated on the sleeves

Materials : 6 ozs. Sirdar Majestic 3-ply wool ; No. 13 and No. 12 knitting needles ; white beads ; 4 buttons ; medium crochet hook. **Size :** to fit a 32- to 34-in. bust. **Tension** 10 sts. and 11 rows to 1 in.

THE FRONT

Using the No. 13 needles cast-on 108 sts. Work 3½ ins. k. 1, p. 1 ribbing.

Change to No. 12 needles, cast-on 1 st. (109 sts.). Work 6 rows s./s. Continue as follows :

K. 33, m. 1. K. to last 33 sts. M. 1. K. to end.

Next row.—P.

Next Row.—K.

Next Row.—P.

Repeat the last 4 rows until 139 sts. (an increase of 30 sts.). Continue on these sts. until work measures 12 ins. from the cast-on edge, finishing on a p. row.

Shape armholes

1st row.—Cast off 7, work to end of row.

2nd row.—As 1st.

3rd row.—K. 3, k. 2 tog. K. to last 5 sts. K. 2 tog. k. 3.

4th row.—P.

Repeat 3rd and 4th rows until 111 sts. remain ending on a p. row.

THE YOKE (Lace patt.)

1st row.—K. 1 * M. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 5, k. 2 tog., m. 1., k. 1. Repeat from * to end.

2nd and all even rows.—P.

3rd row.—K. 2 * m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 3, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 3. Rep. from * to end, k. 2.

5th row.—K. 3 * m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 5. Rep. from * to end, k. 3.

7th row.—K. 4 * m. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 7. Rep. from * to end, k. 4.

8th row.—P. (these 8 rows form lace patt.). Work 5 complete patts. ending on a p. row.

Shape neck

Continue in s./s. K. 25, cast off 61. K. to end of row. Continue on the last 25 sts. Work 4 rows. Then increase 1 st. at neck edge every 4th row until there are 36 sts. Continue without inc. until armhole measures 8 ins., finishing at armhole edge.

Shape shoulder

Cast off 12 sts. at the beg. of next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the other 25 sts. Join on wool and work as other side.

(*Continued on page 72*)

Eight Hours to Knit

Materials : 16 ozs. Templeton's " Fisherknit " wool ; 1 pair No. 1 and 2 pairs No. 3 knitting needles. Size : to fit a 36-in. bust. Tension : 12 sts. equal 3½ ins. measured over the pattern

THE RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 3 needles, cast-on 27 sts. and work thus :—

1st row.—(Front edge) K. 3 * K. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog. Rep. from * to end.

2nd row.—* K. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog. Rep. from * to last 3 sts., k. 3. Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 1 in. fin. at front edge. Now work thus :—

1st row.—K. 3, change to No. 1 needle, patt. to end.

2nd row.—Patt. to last 3 sts., change needle, k. 3.

3rd row.—As 1st row.

4th row.—(Side edge) Work twice into first st., m. 1, k. 2 tog. Cont. in patt. to end, changing needle as before.

The border is worked on No. 3 needles and the main part on No. 1 needles throughout.

5th row.—Patt. to last st., k. 1.

6th row.—K. 1, patt. to end. Rep. last 2 rows once more, then 5th row again.

10th row.—K. 1, m. 1. Rep. from * of 2nd patt. row.

11th row.—In patt. fin. m. 1, k. 2 tog.

12th row.—K. 2 tog., m. 1. Rep. from * of 2nd patt. row. Rep. last 2 rows once more, then 11th row again.

16th row.—K. 1, m. 1, k. 1. Rep. from * of 2nd patt. row.

17th row.—In patt. to end. Cont. straight in patt. until work measures 6 ins., making a note of number of rows worked straight.

Shape for Sleeve

Keeping continuity of patt., inc. 1 st. at side edge on next 6 rows, cast-on 4 sts. at this edge on next 3 alternate rows, then cast on 27 sts. at beg. of next side edge row (75 sts.). Cont. in patt. keeping 3 sts. each end in g. st. (The border sts. at front being worked on No. 3 needles and the patt. and sleeve border on No. 1 needles) until work measures 12½ ins. fin. after a wrong side row.

Shape Neck

K. and slip first 3 sts. on to st. holder, patt. to end. Now dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every row until 66 sts. rem., then cont. straight across all sts. until work measures 15 ins. (*Continued on page 72*)

A bolero to make in two four-hour sittings . . . to wear over a sheath-slim skirt and blouse or with full-skirted cottons

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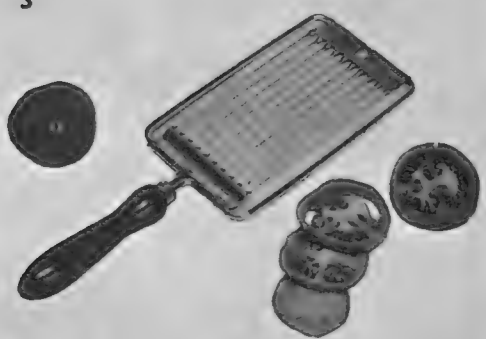

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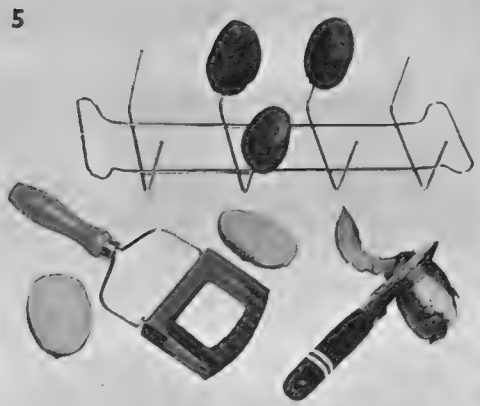

1 A wooden biscuit roller that marks out squares each with different designs on the biscuit dough. You can then cut out the biscuits either before or after baking. Available from John Barnes of Finchley Rd., Hampstead, N.W.3., 4s. 6d.

2 New Pyrex glass dishes. A souffle dish, capacity 2½ pints. Price 5s. For blancmanges, Green's Carmelle or party jellies, a pint-sized fluted glass mould at only 2s. 6d. From Selfridges, Oxford St.

3 The Sky-line tomato slicer which cuts each tomato into even slices for wafer-thin sandwiches or *salade de tomate*. Ten serrated blades do the cutting John Lewis, Oxford Street, 4s. 11d.

4 No need to struggle with obstinate bottle tops if you fix this "Unduit" on the wall. Serrated teeth hold the cap of the jar or bottle firm while you turn. Price 3s. 3d. from John Barnes.

5 Three ideas on a vegetable theme. The new "Sky-line" potato peeler has a finger rest to give extra purchase to the blade. 1s. 11d. from Selfridges. A vegetable chopper with sharp blades and sturdy handle. John Barnes, 2s. 11d. Cook—and why not serve?—baked potatoes on this eight-pronged metal potato baker. John Barnes, 2s. 6d.

Kitchen gadgets . . . a new idea for the home dressmaker . . . ideas for washing ties and gloves . . . run to earth while

SHOPPING FOR YOU

with MARGARET SHARP

6 Heat-retaining coil in the base of this Tempo "Quicker" kettle enables four pints of water to be boiled in as many minutes. Time saving, gas saving. From William Whiteley, Bayswater, 42s. 6d.

7 Washable leather gloves are the latest boon to summer elegance. These attractive gloves in cream fabric, with washable kid fourchettes, are from Fenwicks of Bond Street, price 18s. 11d. Wash them with Dents Glove-Wash, price 3d. per sachet from Selfridges.

8 Electric scissors are a new idea in this country. The blades are moved by a motor with a press-button switch. All you do is hold the electric scissors in the palm of the hand, press the button, slide the hand along the cutting line and the scissors do the rest. These "Vitocut" electric scissors are Swiss made and you can get them at Harrods or Bentalls of Kingston for £3 6s. 6d.

9 Pressure-cooker calculator which will tell you exact cooking times for everything you cook in your pressure-cooker. Dial the menu and read off the cooking time required. John Barnes, 3s. 6d.

10 It is easy enough to wash men's ties, but how to iron them without getting iron marks where the lining comes? The answer is put them on this tie stretcher to dry flat and smooth. From Harrods of Knightsbridge. Price 7s. 6d.

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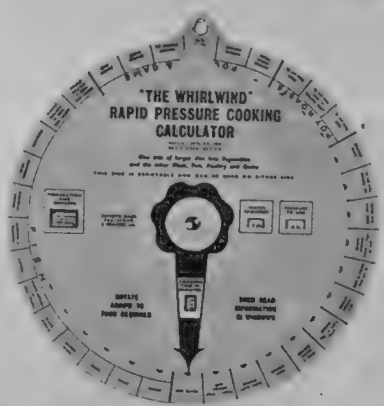


10

Britannia and Eve's Seven-Page Review of the Latest

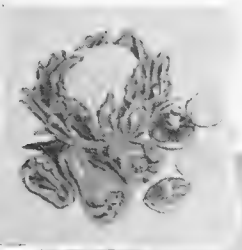
Kitchen Equipment

Whether you plan total reconditioning or only to improve existing facilities, this comprehensive survey of equipment will help with the choice of what is best and newest

Kitchen by Unity Structures Ltd.

ONE kitchen in its time serves many uses . . . it is the housewife's workshop and office combined, sacrosanct to her or open to all comers . . . used for family meals . . . or for informal entertaining . . . it can be as cosy as a sitting-room . . . or prescribed on strict motion study principles. But one element common to the best modern kitchens is their easy-to-run equipment. Automatic dishwashers have replaced the "tweeny," cookers with automatic time switches fill the gap left by a vanishing race of cooks. Labour saving appliances are the housewife's second pair of hands. Whatever your particular needs, here are the elements from which to plan the kitchen which gives the answer to them.

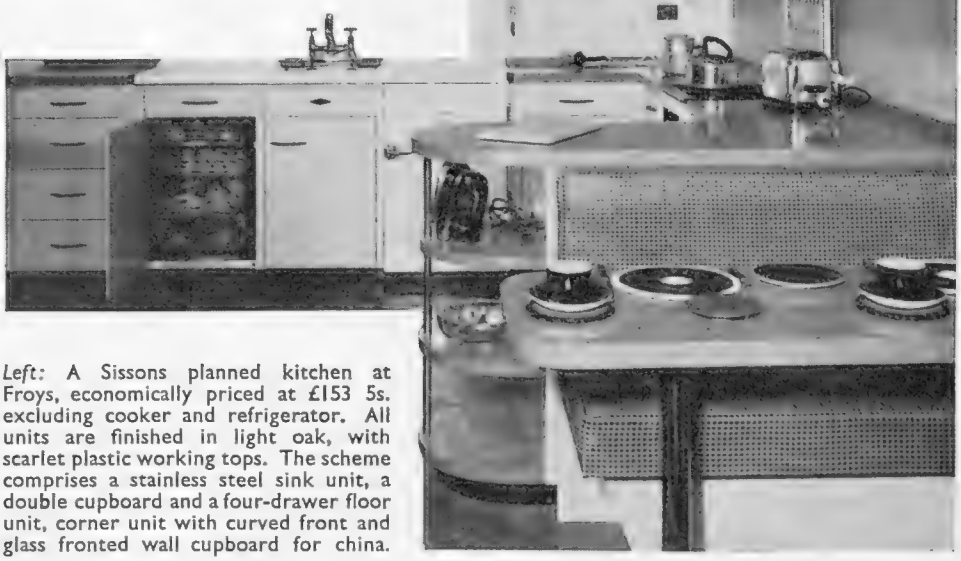
more



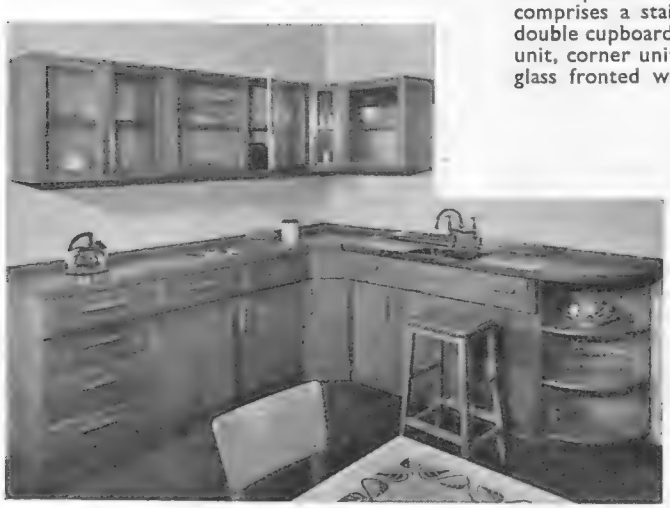
Right: Designed by Leisure Kitchens, a kitchen-cum-dinette, built up from separate units 21 in. wide, 21 in. deep, wall cabinets 21 in. wide by 12 in. deep, plus the dinette section, in white or colours, with working tops in either coloured Warerite or porcelain enamel in matching or contrasting colours. Leisure Kitchens specialize in planning kitchens for individual rooms and requirements.

Left: The new "Redwing" plate rack cupboard wall unit, placed conveniently above the sink in a Froy planned kitchen.

Above: One of a set of six tiles (more appear on subsequent pages) on a culinary theme, with multiple uses in the kitchen, inset amongst plain wall tiles, lining window sills, or even as hot plate stands.



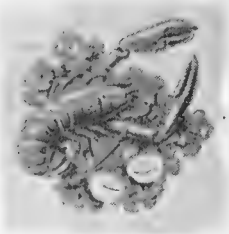
Left: A Sissons planned kitchen at Froys, economically priced at £153 5s. excluding cooker and refrigerator. All units are finished in light oak, with scarlet plastic working tops. The scheme comprises a stainless steel sink unit, a double cupboard and a four-drawer floor unit, corner unit with curved front and glass fronted wall cupboard for china.



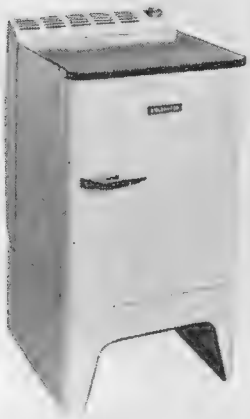
Right: A typical English Rose kitchen planned to make the most of a small space. Cooker, sink unit and refrigerator are tailored into one flush fitting, wall cupboards built right up to the ceiling solve the storage problem. Obtainable in different colour schemes, with coloured plastic or stainless steel work tops.

Left: A budget kitchen cabinet set, designed by Froys, size 5 ft. 6 in. wide, 6 ft. 9 in. high and 12 in. deep, comprising a complete kitchen in itself, with drop centre table (for cooking or for meals), storage shelves above, broom cupboard with ironing board incorporated, drawers beneath. £62 10s. complete.

Right: A moderate sized kitchen, 12 ft. 9 in. by 9 ft. 9 in., equipped to leave enough room for family meals when required. The kitchen, from the Knowle House at the Ideal Home Exhibition, built by E. and L. Berg Ltd., is fitted with Peerless Built-in Furniture units, comprising built-in Electrolux refrigerator, Parkinson gas cooker, sink unit with double draining boards, wall cabinet with dust-protected sliding glass doors.

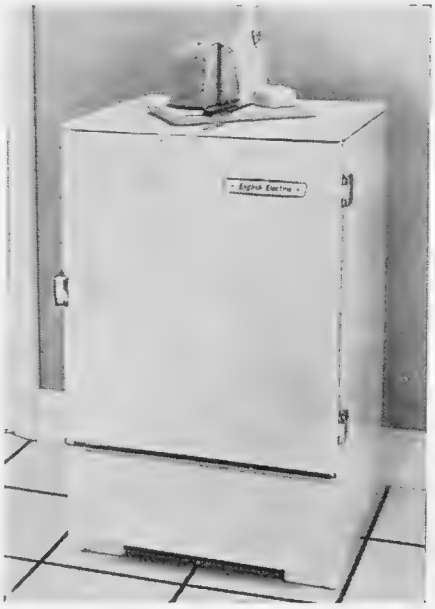


Right: The Ferranti Fridge-heater, a revolutionary appliance which extracts warmth from the air in the larder and uses it to heat the bath water. In front there is an aperture for keeping milk and butter cold, on top a tray for making ice cubes and ice cream, and the whole larder is kept dry, airy and cool by the heat extracting apparatus. Though the cost is comparatively high at £141. 8s. 9d., low running costs offset the initial outlay. (A family of four will have the advantages of a refrigerating and a hot water system for about 2s. 4d. a week). Installation costs naturally vary, but any larder can be converted and where no major alterations are necessary, installation would cost somewhere around £15.



Left: Table top refrigerator by Coldrator with a capacity of 1½ cu. ft. Points about this small model to consider at its price of 49 gns. are pastel blue plastic inner liner, vitreous enamelled table top work surface, steel wire shelving providing an area of 3 sq. ft. An 18 cube ice tray and chiller dish also included.

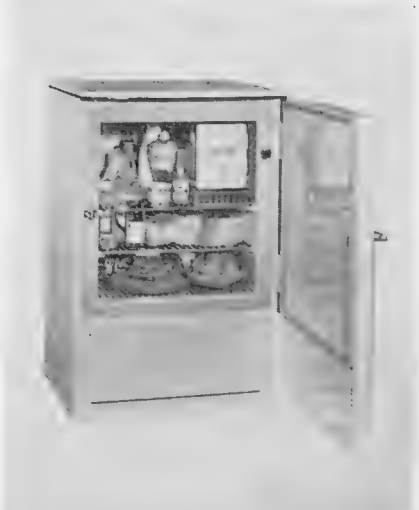
Below left: The silent Electrolux refrigerator which will run on electricity, gas, oil or butane gas. This is a family sized frig. Note the interior light, large frozen storage and ice-making compartment with translucent plastic door and the three shelves inside the door.



Basic family needs are served by the refrigerator with around a 3 cu. ft. capacity. Where space is at a premium—and a refrigerator can take a large slice out of a small kitchen—choose one of the new table top refrigerators, which stand at 36 in. from the ground and provide a practical working top.

The English Electric model above has a shelf area of 6.4 sq. ft., price £66. 3s.; the Prestcold model above right, at the same price, shelf area 6 sq. ft.; the Coldrator left, shelf capacity 6.1 sq. ft. 67 gns.; right the G.E.C. model, shelf area 6.4 sq. ft., £66.

Deep freeze cabinets—which are not just a different kind of refrigerator but will freeze fresh meat, poultry and garden produce for extended periods—are available in sizes suitable for domestic needs. There is the Coldrator freezer price £138. 12s., in appearance similar to the de luxe Coldrator frig., 53½ in. high; or the Prestofreeze Junior, standing 40 in. which takes nearly a hundredweight of frozen food, price £124. 2s. 3d.



washing machines . . .

Washing machines should be chosen keeping in mind the job that is expected of them. Size comes into the choice, naturally, for the washing machine with a 5½ lb. dry wash capacity will serve the small ménage adequately, where the larger outlay on a washing machine with an 8-9 lb. capacity would be amply justified in a large family with a heavy children's wash.

But there are other factors to be considered. Some washing machines are dependent upon the domestic hot water supply, others have their own heating element, either by gas or electricity, incorporated into the machine. Some have powered wringers, with a socket to take an electric rotary ironer, automatic filling and emptying, etc. All these refinements must be taken into account when deciding how far you aim to have a press-button wash day.

1. Shows the concomitant of the washing machine . . . the indoor dryer. This is the new English Electric Tumbler Dryer which makes drying, ready for ironing or ready to wear, independent of the weather. Price £69 10s.

1

2

3

2. The G.E.C. washing machine takes an 8 lb. wash, has an automatic emptying pump, power-driven wringer, socket for rotary iron. Price £81 6s. 4d.

3. The new gas-heated, electrically driven washing machine by Parkinsons will wash clothes or serve as wash boiler. Price approximately £57

4. The Dishmaster dish washing machine works in conjunction with the domestic hot water system, washes, rinses and dries dishes, cutlery, pots and pans, etc. Price £97 7s. 9d.

5. The Bendix complete home washer will soak, wash, rinse three times and damp dry an 8-9 lb. load of laundry, leaving only the ironing. £103 6s. 9d.

6. The Hotpoint all-electric washing machine, with a 7 lb. capacity, has power-driven safety wringer and table top. With electric heater, £91 14s. 10d., without £81 6s. 4d.

7. For a small household, this Goblin washing machine at £33 18s. 2d. should be considered. It will take a 4 lb. dry washing load, has a gravity drain-away and hand-operated detachable wringer

8. The Paul Wash Wonder built into the cupboard under the sink has obvious advantages. Mixer tap in the sink fills the washing machine which can then be boosted to the required temperature by the electric immersion heater. Price, including washing machine, £121 11s. 11d. double draining board unit, £105 18s. 11d. for the complete single draining board unit

9. The new Hoover (Mark III) washing machine which has a 6 lb. capacity, power-operated wringer and automatic emptying pump. Price £58 15s.

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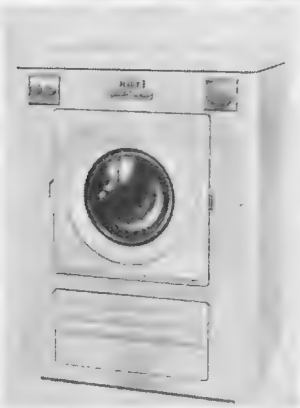

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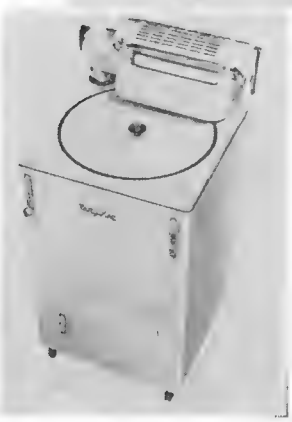

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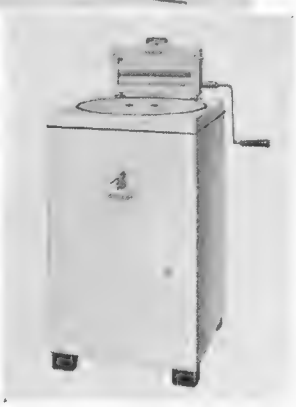
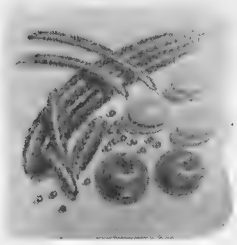
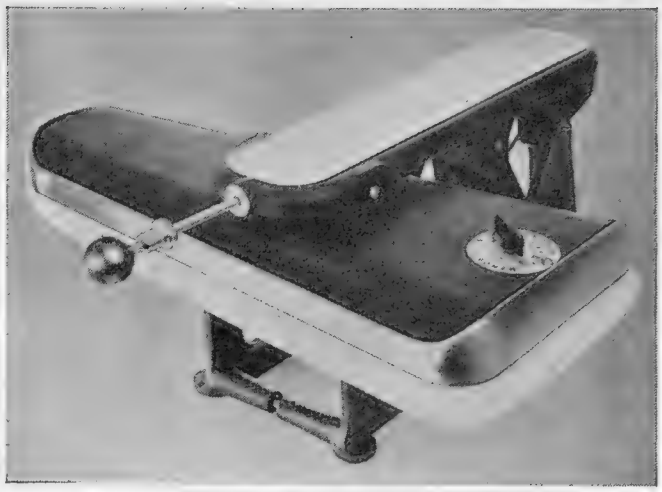


7

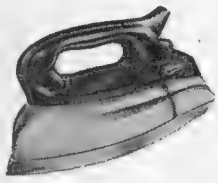
and irons



The installation of a washing machine is often warranted only by increasing the amount of laundry done at home. This immediately presents the problem of the ironing. The pile of weekly ironing is increased with the bath towels, the sheets and other big items which were once sent to the laundry. Here are some of the new irons and ironers designed to help lighten this aspect of the wash



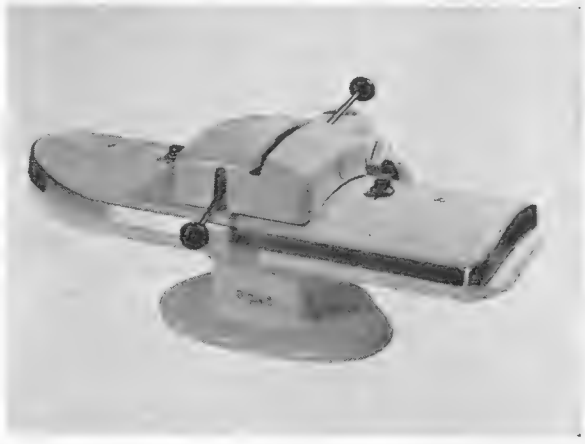
Steam irons have completely revolutionized the whole ironing process. By emitting steam from the sole of the iron, they dispense with damp cloths and sprinkling before ironing, with consequent saving of time and labour. The Kenwood Steam-o-Matic, right (£4 19s. 6d.) has a thermostatic control to regulate temperature and steam volume simultaneously for each particular fabric and can also be used for dry ironing



With the Hoover steam or dry iron, left (£4 19s. 6d.) the steam comes through little slits in the sole of the iron, specially arranged for even distribution. There is a dial with seven settings which regulates temperature and steam according to the material

If your weekly laundry is regularly to include bed-linen and the larger household items, a table ironer will lessen the strain of ironing and also enable you to give a more professional finish to the linens. For one thing, you sit down to the task, for another the electric ironer provides the pressure while all you have to do is to operate the finger-light levers. Large flat items, like curtains and sheets, have only to be folded, damped, then pressed. Shirts, dresses and more intricate garments need practice in the use of the ironer, but a detailed book of instructions comes with both the Parnall Ezy-press (£28 17s. 6d.) shown above and the Hotpoint Electric Table Ironer (£29 3s. 10d.) pictured below

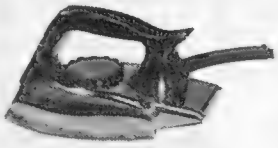
Features of the Parnall all-electric washing machine, left; are its standard height for washing, rinsing and wringing at the sink; easy filling process; power-operated wringer which can be set to any pressure and any angle; easy-glide castors which enable the washer to be moved from storage place to sink; and its flat table-top. This machine will take a 5½ lb. washing load. There are two models. One which works in conjunction with the domestic hot water supply is £65 2s. The other, with a heating element incorporated is £75 12s. Table top is available £1 13s. 3d. extra

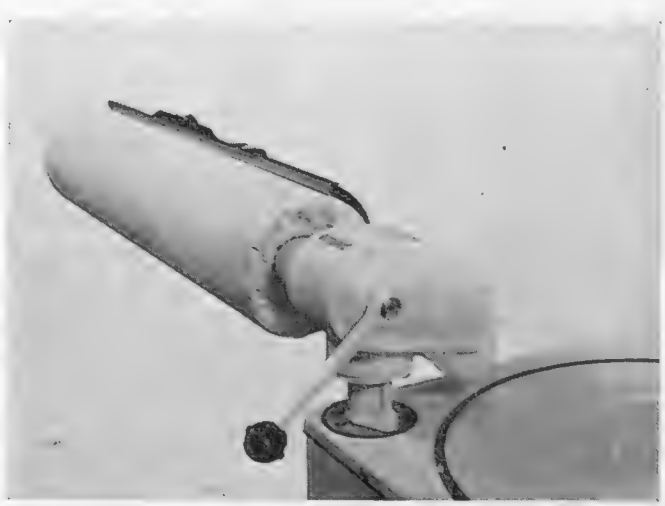


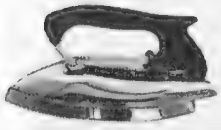
The rotary electric ironer is a reversal of the traditional ironing methods. Instead of moving the iron over the clothes, the clothes are moved over the ironer—with a saving of effort. Briefly, the rotary ironer consists of a long blanket roll which rotates and is brought under the pressure of the heated ironing shoe. The simple action of feeding the clothes between the rotating roll and the heated shoe does the ironing. Both hands are free to guide and control the work. The Hotpoint electric rotary ironer, below, £29 3s. 10d. is powered by the washing machine and may be brought into use in a few seconds by fitting it in place of the wringer

How should one choose an iron? If you buy one of a reputable make, you can depend on its performance fulfilling the maker's claims. Then it is up to you to test several, in order to find the one of the right weight and with a comfortable "feel." The G.E.C. iron left, (42s. 6d. in chromium, 45s. in cream), is a lightweight one, which presses by correct heat and not by pressure

The Hotpoint "Rightweight" iron, right, (£3 5s.), is a medium-weight one at 3¾ lb. Points to consider in this iron are the exclusive swivel flex device which ensure that the flex is free to follow naturally the ironing movement, the double thumb rest for left or right-hand ironing; the double button hooks in the toe to accommodate buttons, and the thermostat heat control







The Hawkins iron, left (£2 9s. 6d.), is a 4¼ lb. one. It has a sleek, tapering toe useful for intricate work on frills, etc., yet has an over-sized sole plate enabling the maximum amount of work on large flat surfaces to be done with the minimum of effort. A pre-selective heat control dial ensures the right temperature for the material to be ironed

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because now I can relax with the children and leave the whole job to my BENDIX "

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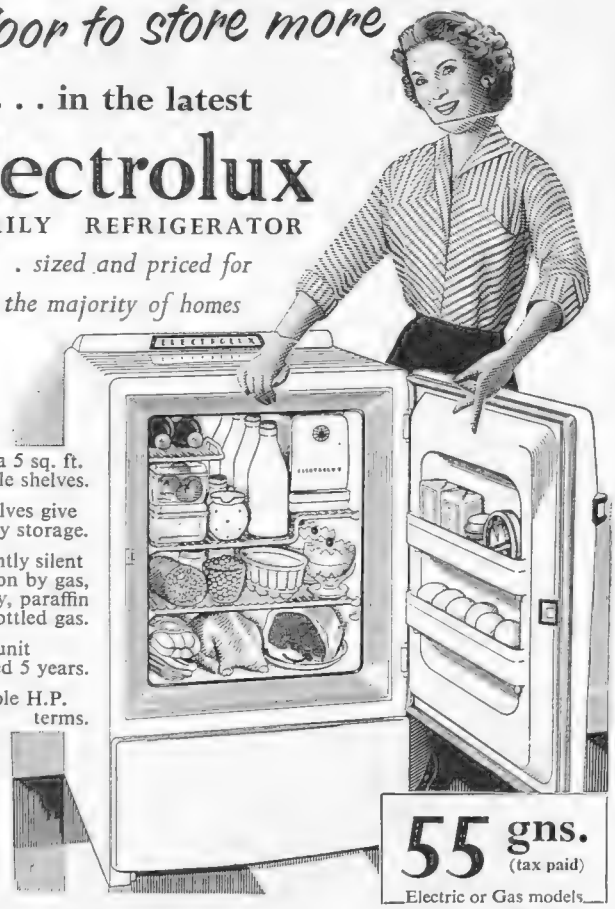

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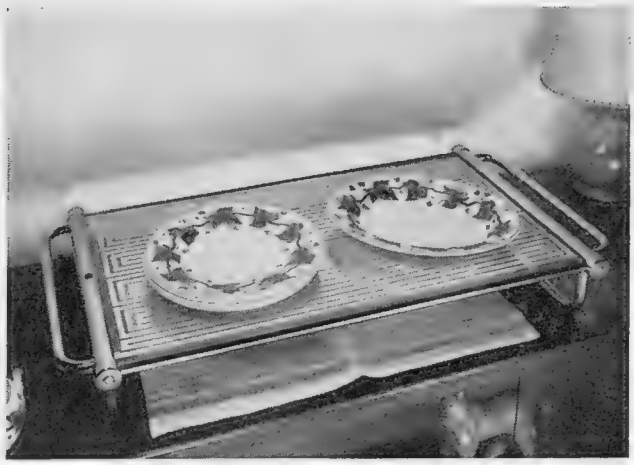
food mixers . . . *. . . and plate warmers*



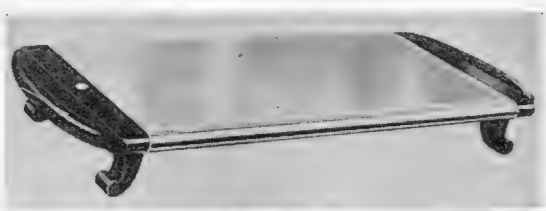
If food mixers help with the preparation of meals, a plate warmer takes the anxiety out of serving them. This is the ideal way to serve a meal —from a hot plate. Hot coffee after dinner, help-yourself breakfasts, just two of the hot plate uses. The English Electric plate warmer, *above*, (£12 12s.), is beautifully finished with chromium-plated frame and hotplate of polished, toughened glass panels

Two appliances inseparable from a well appointed breakfast table—the electric coffee percolator and the electric toaster. The percolator (£5 10s.) and the toaster (£2 5s.), *right*, are both by Premier Electric. The percolator is fitted with a device which prevents damage if allowed to boil dry. The toaster toasts two slices at once and automatically turns them by opening and closing the doors

The preparation of food is one of the most time-absorbing items of the daily routine, but mechanical aids to cooking can help to speed the job. Biggest time and energy saver of all is the food mixer. The mixer, complete with various components, will undertake the chore of cake beating, etc., and help in the preparation of many dishes from soups to salads, omelettes to ice-cream.

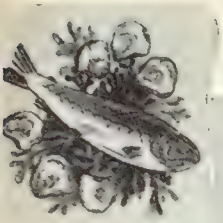
Above is the Sunbeam Mixmaster, famous for its mix-finder dial which automatically sets the right mixing speeds for different foods, in its four characters as mixer, blender (for purées, etc.), slicer and juice extractor. Cost 21 gns.

Below the English Electric Food Mixer (£19 17s. 5d.). Mixing and beating is reduced to the simple task of selecting one of twenty speeds on the control dial. The mixer head is removable for on-the-spot action with sauce-pans, etc. There is a mincer and fruit juicer attachment



Elegantly streamlined, the G.E.C. warming plate, above, is topped with heat-resisting glass, the rolled sides finished in chromium plate—a handsome sideboard appointment anywhere. Heated surface 18 in. by 10 in., price £7 10s.

Right: A solution to the problem of keeping meals hot where electricity is not available. The Ekco hotplate (£1 1s.) is heated with a variant of the nightlight and running costs are negligible. Warming dish in ivory plastic, with chromium top plate

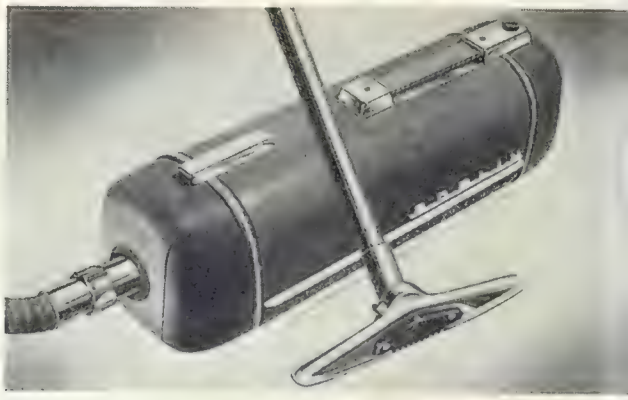


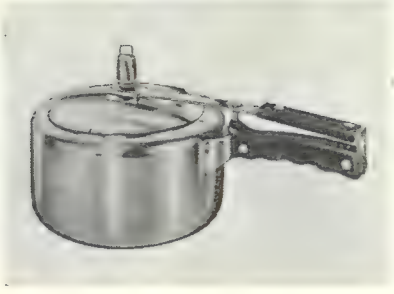
Miscellaneous . . .

Left: The Presto 6-quart pressure cooker, designed for the large family, with its easy, bayonet-fitting lid and unique indicator, which gives visual indications of the different pressure levels. Its deep lid gives extra cooking capacity and will take four 2-lb. and seven 1-lb. Kilner or jam jars. 97s. 6d. plus 8s. 6d. the set of separators

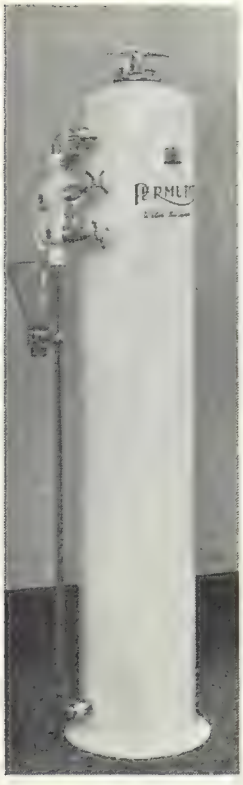
Right: The new G.E.C. floor polisher is light enough to be easily handled, yet heavy enough for efficient polishing. The cleaner's two bristle brushes which are splayed outwards for maximum coverage and close-to-wall polishing are easily removed for cleaning. Price £26 12s. 7d.

Below right: The new Goblin Ace vacuum cleaner has a patent agitator device attached to the carpet cleaning tool to remove cottons, hair, etc., from carpets and a "throw-away" paper dust bag for quick emptying. Price £26 10s. 6d.



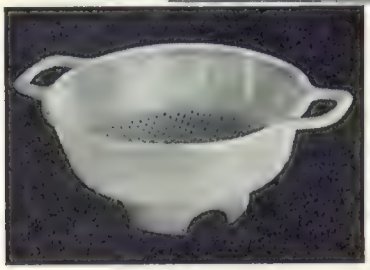


Two from the range of Hawkins's home helps. Above the Ovenette (£4 9s. 6d.). This is good as a breakfast cooker or for preparing supper dishes beside the fire. It will, of course, cope with all the oven cooking for a small family as well. *Left:* The Hawkins Pressure Cooker made in 4 sizes (from £3 7s. 6d.). Two of the models have specially ground bases for use on electric and solid fuel cookers



The bad effects of hard water are all too well known. It is not only that soaps will not lather; hard water, in some cases, can have deleterious effects on the skin and the health. Where the water is exceptionally hard, some kind of water softening apparatus is a necessity. With the Permutit All Mains Water Softener, *left*, the water is treated at the point of entry into the house. It is made in five sizes (ranging from £55 4s. plus installation costs). The size required in each individual case is calculated on the degree of hardness of the water and the amount of water used on an average by the family

Right: The new G.E.C. upright vacuum cleaner, weighing only 13 lbs., at £21 10s. 3d., is substantially cheaper than the previous upright cleaner by this company. Foot lever switches the cleaner on and off



Plastic kitchen accessories have the advantage of being virtually unbreakable. The two items, *left*, are from the Ekco range. The plastic Handicaddy (19s. 11d.) is ideal for storing or carrying food or liquid, hot or cold. The colander (7s. 6d.), tough and durable, is available in several colours

CHEESE PASTRY

8 oz. (8 heaped tablespoons) flour; 4 oz. Stork Margarine; 2 oz. (4 heaped tablespoons) grated cheese; pinch of salt and cayenne pepper; 2 tablespoons water; beans or crusts.

FILLING

1 lb. mashed potatoes; 1 oz. Stork Margarine; salt and pepper; 4 oz. (8 heaped tablespoons) grated cheese; 1 lb. chipolata sausages; Stork Margarine for frying; sliced tomatoes and gherkins or black olives to decorate.

To make pastry: Sieve flour, salt and cayenne together. Rub in the Stork, stir in the cheese and mix with the water. Roll out thinly and line flan case. Fill with crusts or beans placed on a round of greaseproof paper and bake on second shelf from the top in a fairly hot oven (Regulo Mark 6: 400°F.) for 10 minutes. Remove paper and beans and bake for a further 20-25 minutes. Remove and cool. Cut small rounds from left-over pastry and bake for 10 minutes as above. Remove and cool.

To make filling: Mash potatoes with Stork, seasoning and cheese. Heat gently until cheese melts. Fry the sausages. Fill bottom of flan case with half the mashed potato and cover with half the sausages sliced. Top with remaining potato and pile towards centre. Arrange remaining sausages on top in a star shape, with slices of tomato and gherkin in between. Decorate with the rounds of pastry.

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SHORT PASTRY

8 oz. (8 heaped tablespoons) flour; 4 oz. Stork Margarine; pinch of salt; 2 tablespoons water; beans or crusts.

FILLING

½ pint water; ½ pint orange or lemon squash; 4½ level tablespoons custard powder; 2 heaped tablespoons sugar; 1 lb. mixed fruit in season (bananas, grapes, peaches, cherries, etc.) peeled, stoned, sliced, etc.; halved bananas, glacé cherries, green and black grapes to decorate.

To make pastry: Sieve flour and salt together. Rub in Stork, mix with water. Roll out thinly and line a flan case. Fill with beans or crusts on a round of greaseproof paper and bake on second shelf from top in a fairly hot oven (Regulo Mark 6: 400°F.) for 10 minutes. Remove beans and paper, and bake for a further 20-25 minutes. Remove and cool. Cut tiny rosettes from left-over pastry and bake as above on baking sheet for 10-15 minutes.

To make filling: Mix water and squash. Blend sugar and custard powder with a little of the liquid. Boil remainder of liquid, then pour custard mixture in, stirring continuously. Return to heat and boil for 3 minutes. Cool a little. Add prepared fruit and pour into flan case. When set, decorate with halved bananas, grapes, cherries and rosettes (see illustration).

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Thanks For A Lovely Evening

(*Continued from page 8*)

arcs of the street lamps rimming the sidewalks. She stood there panicky in total darkness feeling as if she had been crossed out with a very heavy pencil. She was experiencing the helplessness of the city person who seldom encounters true darkness. There was no help from the sky for a light spring mist was in the air.

Then common sense asserted itself. Nothing had changed. She'd find the walk and wait until the lights came on or Wimpy came back. But something *had* changed. Fate had walked into the picture and turned her around so that she came up against a stone coping, and when she did an about-face to drop down she landed not on damp stone but upon a pair of knees, thin and trousered.

"Oh!" she cried out and jumped up as if it had been a hot stove. "I didn't know anyone was here. Oh, dear!"

"Hold everything!" said a rich, baritone voice with a laugh in it. "There's plenty of room for two." His hand caught her sleeve and pulled her back beside him. He kept holding on to her coat as if she might fade away. "Can't have a pretty girl roaming around in this eclipse bumping her knees and ruining her nylons."

"Pretty girl?" she laughed nervously. "How do you know? I might be an old hag of eighty with no hair and snagged teeth."

"Not with that voice," he said, and put up a hand to feel her hair, where the mist had turned the flyaway curls into folded petals. "You have hair, nice hair, and I'll take your word for the teeth."

SHE made an instinctive move to pull away from him but he detained her. "Don't get alarmed. I'm perfectly respectable. Maybe I sounded wolfish but I'm not, really. I was just sitting here, trying to enjoy the evening and thinking how empty a spring night can be without a pretty girl to share it—then the lights went out and you came along, right on cue."

"But I—I must go. I've got to find a dog."

He laughed as if she'd said something clever. "That excuse is threadbare."

"But I do. He's a very valuable dog, a pedigreed cocker, and——"

"Wouldn't it be a better idea to let the dog find you in this black-out that has descended upon us so opportunely?" He took his hand away and she could hear him patting his pockets in the ineffectual masculine way. "Do you have a match by any chance?" he asked.

"No, I don't," she said, but she wished she had so she could see the face that went with the voice that had stirred her as no man's voice ever had.

"Well, I can wait. This probably won't last long. Powerhouse trouble I suppose. Funny how we rely on electricity. I bet they're all running around in there . . ." he nodded in the direction of the buildings, "like beheaded chickens."

Ginny giggled, thinking of George and Anita with nothing to do but talk, no TV, no radio, no canasta, no paper. There was a flicker of light in a high window. "Somebody found the candles from the dinner table," she said.

"Glad they were put to some good use. Silly habit! Never can see what you're eating that way."

"I know—but candlelight *is* romantic."

"Romantic?" he seemed to consider this. "I suppose so if the right person is sitting opposite you. Then you wouldn't care what you were eating, would you?"

"No, you probably wouldn't eat at all," she said with a small sigh. She thought he moved a bit closer but she couldn't be sure. They sat in silence for a few minutes. She wondered what he was thinking, whether he found it as strange and exciting as she did, sitting alone in a misty, velvet night with a complete stranger as if they had known each other for years. It was so quiet she thought she could hear his heart beat.

NEXT MONTH

BEACH SUIT TO KNIT

If you doubt that a hand-knitted beach suit can be elegant see the two-piece outfit and instructions for making in the August issue. The swimsuit has a matching jacket which with a trifling adaptation makes a smart and useful garment for all day anywhere.

DRESSING THE CHILDREN

August is the family holiday month but the return to school approaches and there are outfits for the Autumn term to plan.

Look out for the special section in next month's issue on Children's Clothes and the informative articles on fitting small feet and choosing materials for the children's clothes you buy and make.

POEM IN PRISON

Would you suppose a prison sentence to be a joyous thing? Perhaps not, but Henry the First of Scotland found much to divert him as a prisoner in Pevensey Castle.

Read next month about the illustrious offender who so enjoyed his sentence in the Kentish Castle that he wrote a poem about it.

STORY OF A "DEB"

How is the young socialite launched upon her first season? How does she qualify to enter the circle of the privileged who make their curtsy before the Queen, and what goes on in the lives of the young women who flower in every new London Season? Maxwell Stuart tells the entertaining "inside story."

in the August issue of

Britannia and Eve

"You know," she said breaking the silence, "this could be anywhere—anywhere at all, this way. The top of Mount Blanc or a Pacific Island, or—or just the front porch at home."

"You bet," he said. "I was thinking that, too, sort of timeless, anonymous. Let's enjoy it while it lasts." He chuckled softly. "Two souls grounded on their way to limbo. How's that?"

"I don't like the limbo part, but I guess we're grounded all right."

He reached across and found her hand. It seemed silly to yank it away. There was nothing offensive in the way he did it, and she liked the way his hand felt, firm, well-kept, long-fingered.

"Queer how much a voice can tell," he was saying as if they'd been discussing it at length. "I hope you don't think I'd do this with any girl."

"No, your voice tells me that. I wouldn't be sitting here if your voice hadn't been—well sort of nice and—safe."

"Safe? Only that?"

"No—o, it's more than that." She sought for words. "It's the voice of a young man, an attractive young man who dreams dreams but who knows what he wants—and gets it." She stopped aghast at her boldness.

"Quite an analysis! Especially on such a short acquaintance."

"Oh, I don't usually talk like this," she said hastily. "It's just the darkness. I feel invisible. Have you ever seen the play, *Blithe Spirit*?"

"No, but I know the allusion. 'Hail to thee, blithe spirit . . .' Shelley, isn't it?"

"Yes. So beautiful. 'Teach me half the gladness that thy brain must know——'" her voice trailed into the night.

"Very apt. 'From thy presence showers a melody,'" he murmured. Then with a laugh, "I don't think he meant a skylark at all. He meant you."

She laughed uneasily.

"What's so funny?"

"Ten minutes ago I never thought I'd be sitting in the dark with a strange man quoting poetry."

"Why not? Poetry goes with you and the night."

"With me? But if you could see me——"

"I don't have to. Noses and upper lips and the colour of your eyes don't count. Besides, I have a pretty good idea of what you're really like." He dropped an arm casually around her shoulders and this time she didn't shrink away. "You're sweet and young and unspoiled, short and cute, the kind that trots beside a man, taking two steps to his one but always, always keeping up. I'd like to go fishing with you some day."

"Fishing?"

"Yes, or bird-watching, or mushroom-gathering, or anything we could do together—and alone. We'd start early while the cobwebs were still on the grass and we'd spend the whole day——"

"And I'd pack a lunch," she said, carried away with his picture. "And if there were a stream we could go wading, and we could build a fire and wait to watch it die out——"

"And then?" He held the question but she refused to go on. His arm tightened on her shoulder and she felt his head drop on the soft cushion of her hair.

"You smell good," he said softly. "Not thirty-dollar-a-bottle good, just pretty-girl good."

"You'll be calling me wholesome next," she said in a disappointed way.

"Oh no, not that! Wholesome people eat oatmeal every morning and turn the mattresses once a week. They don't sit on stone walls in the dark with strange men."

"It sounds awful when you put it that way. I think I really ought to be going." She tried to get up but he pulled her back.

"Going? Where? Back to limbo? Please don't. Not yet. It would ruin everything. We don't want to spoil this lovely evening. We want to keep it whole, complete, beautiful, like——"

"Like a rose embalmed in glass—forever," she murmured.

"Exactly. And a pretty way of saying it. Sit down."

(*Continued on page 60*)

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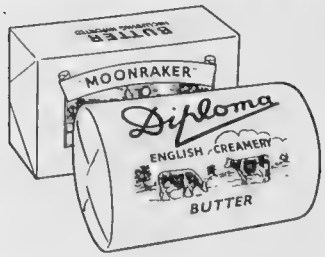

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She sat down reluctantly. "I don't know why I'm doing this—why I trust you, but I do."

"And I don't know why I have an insane desire to make love to you—but I won't, not unless you say so."

"Let's—just talk," she said shakily.

But they didn't talk. What was there to talk about but themselves, and they'd done that.

"Oh dear," Ginny said in a pitiful, small way, "if only—if only we knew each other better——"

He pulled away from her as if he were angry. "There you go, spoiling it again. Why can't you enjoy the anonymity and this beautiful darkness while it lasts? If you really knew me, saw me in the daylight you would never talk to me at all."

Because it was the very thing she might have said to him about herself it made her sad. She protested quickly. "Oh, but I would, I'm sure I would." She groped for his fingers to give them an assuring squeeze, and they dropped into silence again. Her fingers explored his, felt the heavy gold ring on his finger, a scarab by the cut and shape of it.

"You know," he said suddenly and boldly as if taking a plunge into cold water, "I think you're right. I'd like to know you better too. Would you care to tell me your name?"

Ginny thought for a long moment, then she said: "No. I think you were right, about staying anonymous. I don't think we'd better risk it, do you?"

"I guess not. We might find we didn't have that rose to embalm in our memories."

She got up then. "I think I'll go now before the lights go on. Please think of me when you go fishing," she said wistfully.

"Good night, blithe spirit," he said rising. She was surprised to see how short he was, not much taller than she. "It's been heaven meeting you. See you there, some day, I hope."

She set off across the soft grass, her feet feeling for the stone path, her voice calling for Wimpy as she'd called—how long ago? Ten minutes? An hour? A lifetime?

WHEN the lights came on she found herself standing in doorway F with Wimpy panting from his run beside her. She stood for a moment half afraid to look, but looking nevertheless towards the low stone wall now spot-lighted against the shrubbery. There was no one there. Had she dreamed the whole thing? Had she become such a victim of wishful thinking that she could incarnate her desires? Then she held her fingers to her nose and sniffed. They smelled of tobacco and shaving soap. It had not been a dream.

As she packed for home the next morning a dozen questions trembled on her lips, but it was no use asking Anita anything. She wouldn't be able to help her. How could she describe a man she'd never seen? She didn't know his age or name or whether he was married or single, or what he did. All she could have said was, "He has a nice voice and he quotes Shelley."

As she kissed her goodbye, Anita said smugly, "I hope the next time you come you'll bring a husband with you, Ginny."

"I'll see what I can do," Ginny said with the laugh that promised nothing.

"But I mean it," Anita persisted. "You could be married as easy as not if you'd just get a different attitude about men. You can't go around talking like a—a reference librarian. They don't want *that.*"

"Don't they?" Ginny said widening her eyes. "What do they want?"

"They want sex, all dressed up in pretty trimmings—at first anyway."

"Was George that way?"

"Oh, George!" Anita dismissed him with a shrug and a self-conscious smile. "You wouldn't believe me if I told you some of the sappy things that big goof used to do—still does once in a while. But he couldn't say a romantic thing if he tried."

"Like embalming a perfect evening in memory like a rose in glass?" Ginny persisted.

"What? Whoever said that? How corny can you get? Men don't talk *that* way, Ginny. If that's what you're looking for you better wake up. Be realistic,Gin, and keep the romance to yourself." She picked up Ginny's bags. "Better stop at the bank before you leave town if you want that traveller's cheque cashed. It's too early in the morning for the petrol stations to have that much cash. Goodbye, now, and remember what I told you."

"I will," Ginny said meekly. But she was wondering what Anita would say if she told her a few things about roses and fishing trips.

There was no one waiting at the teller's window with the sign that said *W. S. Jenkins* on it. "I have a traveller's cheque to be cashed," she said fumbling in her handbag. "I suppose you want to see me sign this?" She took the pen that was thrust at her without looking up and put her neat Virginia Winslow on the cheque. The hands that took it seemed to be trembling slightly and she looked up to see the teller examining the cheque closely.

"Anything wrong?" she asked.

Mr. Jenkins shook his head and then he looked at her. She wanted to laugh, he was such a funny-looking little man, short, with a wedge-shaped head, ears that stuck out and bushy brows over deep-set eyes. He had the humorous upper lip of the true clown. He could have been any age from twenty-five to fifty.

He dropped his eyes after reading the amusement in hers. "No, it's quite okay, Miss Winslow," he said. "How will you have it? In fives or tens?"

And now Ginny stared. The voice was the same deep baritone she'd heard less than twenty-four hours ago. Her eyes dropped to the long fingers sorting out the money. On one was a large ring, with the stone of a scarab in the setting.

"Tens," she said in a whisper without looking up.

So this was he, the man who had given her something no man had ever given her before, a whole evening of pure, undistilled enchantment. For a moment she felt anger at being taken in, then something different replaced it. She gathered up the crisp new bills and looking him straight in the eyes that were sad like a spaniel's she said, "Thanks for a lovely evening, Mr. Jenkins. I'm on my way home to Connecticut but I assure you I'll never forget it."

He stared at her as if he didn't hear her, or didn't understand. Had she made a fool of herself? Then he made a stiff little motion that would have been a bow if the window hadn't been so high and he so short. "I hope you have a pleasant journey," he said politely.

The journey wasn't too pleasant because it was haunted all the way with unwelcome thoughts. Had she made a mistake? Or had he really recognized her? If so why couldn't he have acknowledged it as she had? Was he afraid of her reaction? Had he seen her repressed smile? She hoped she hadn't hurt him. That must have been what he meant last night that she would have passed him by in the light of day. But she wouldn't—or would she?

SHE drove on feeling sad, but only as one feels sad when reading a sad story that never really happened. Last night was not meant to take on the shape of reality. It was meant to be put on a shelf and re-read perhaps when one felt mellow or lonely or romantically inclined.

It was dark when she pulled up in the drive of her own home. The windows blazed with light and her first thought was that her father had cut short his lecture tour. But when the door was opened it was not her father who greeted her.

"Welcome home, Ginny," John Masters said. "I missed you."

She gaped at him in amazement and edged past him into the hall. She was irked and irritable and tired, too tired to ask questions, why or how? She let him take her coat and get the bags from her car, which he did in such an eager helpful way that she was moved to say, "This is very nice of you, John. How did you get the key?"

"From Nellie Webster. She cleans for me, too, you know. I didn't like the idea of you coming into a cold dark house alone, so I borrowed her key and came in early to start a fire and light the lamps. Have you had any supper?"

"No, I didn't want to stop."

"I thought so. I've got something ready—look, why don't you go upstairs and get into something—something comfortable," he said his face flooded with embarrassment.

Ginny gasped. A week ago she would have sent him home with a headache for an excuse. But she went upstairs to her room and got out the mauve taffeta housecoat she'd been keeping for an occasion, bathed and made up her face. When she came downstairs she found two places set at one end of the dining table with four candles to light them.

"Why how—how romantic, John!" she said, giving him a swift side glance. "And food! John, you're a genius."

"I—I like things nice," he said lamely. Ginny laughed. She was thinking of Mr. X—Mr. Jenkins now—as she watched the shadows play across John's face above the candles. "Candles are all right if the right person is sitting opposite you," he'd said. But was John the right person? Could it be possible?

She studied the fine-featured serious face, the fine, light hair, the light glittering on the glasses that hid his eyes. What lay behind them? What was he thinking? Could she have been terribly mistaken about him? Was there more there than a quiet, polite, stilted man? If she'd met *him* in the dark would it have been different? She watched his hands serving the cheese omelet. They were nice hands. She shut her eyes and listened for his voice.

It was unimpassioned, humourless, but a pleasant voice, a kind voice. She'd never looked at nor listened to John Masters this way before. She'd just accepted him for what he seemed which had no appeal for her. Maybe this was why some girls married such unlikely men, maybe they were the lucky ones or the wise ones who had learned to look for and to bring out the unexpected in the most unpromising men. Maybe there were men like she had been, afraid to go overboard when they met a new girl.

When the meal was over she went to the living-room turning off lights as she went until only the fire glowed on the hearth. She sank down on the davenport, pulled her taffeta skirts close and patted the space beside her.

"Sit down, John," she said with a secret smile. "I won't eat you."

He sat down stiffly but she pushed him back playfully until his head rested on the back cushion beside hers. Imagine doing this a week ago! She closed her eyes and began to hum. She could hear him feeling for his pipe and she nodded a "Yes," when he asked, "May I?"

"I'm purring inside," she said with a short laugh, "full of food and drowsy."

"I'm sorry," he said, jumping up with ready consideration. "Of course you're tired. Do you want me to go?"

"Oh no," she said, pulling him back. "This is nice. What made you think of it?"

"Well," he hesitated and Ginny waited. "I just got to thinking of you coming into this place all alone and I said, 'It isn't right, anything might happen.'"

Anything might happen! Ginny began to laugh softly. If John only knew what could happen to a girl alone in the dark.

"I hope you weren't displeased, Ginny."

"Oh no," she said and leaned back and closed her eyes again. She could smell John's pipe and hear the puff of it, the ticking of the clock he must have set, the snapping of the fire. Very nice, very agreeable, not as nice as a stone wall in the misty dark but it would do. She thought, maybe I've been asking too much. Maybe this is what Anita meant. Maybe it is enough. But she knew it wasn't. She still wanted a lover because love comes first no matter what comes with it. She couldn't settle for less.

It was on the tip of her tongue to ask him to go when he said, "You've changed, Ginny. I can't put my finger (*Continued on page* 62)

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on it, but it's as if you'd found the answer to something. You seem more—more complete."

Ginny smiled. So it showed, did it, whatever it was that the encounter with Mr. Jenkins had done to her? Even John could see it. She answered slowly, "I guess it's just because I've been doing something different."

"Different? Of course. Did you have a good time?"

"Oh yes. It was quite a whirl, parties, dances—" one canasta party, a dance at the club. But she didn't have to tell him that.

"I didn't know you danced," he said. "I've never seen you—I mean I never used to get around much."

"There are a lot of things you don't know about me, John," she said. "Or I you. I don't believe you've ever seen me as I really am—maybe it's the glasses." She leaned over and took them off, and they sat looking deep into each other's eyes, he seeing nothing, she a great deal.

He started to reach for them, then drew back laughing. "I can't see you without them but it doesn't matter, I know you so well, and—I don't need glasses to do this."

He had her in his arms and was kissing her madly, not once but over and over. The dam had broken. She let the flood come. It was surprisingly sweet. The kisses were all, more than she could have asked for, for they were one part tenderness, one part passion, one part pure romance and one part, the best, familiarity. She knew this man now, she knew how sweet he was, how his shyness had been overcome by his love, she sensed the deep reserves she had scarcely begun to tap.

"Maybe you'll send me packing," he said, releasing her, "but I'm glad I did it. If you only knew how I've been wanting to—for years, Ginny."

"Then why didn't you?"

"Well, first there was Mother. It wasn't that I was afraid of her but she'd have made it hell for any girl I liked. And then, there was you."

"Me?"

"Yes. I was afraid of you. You never seemed interested in men until tonight. Maybe that's it." His face clouded. "You've met someone, someone who knows how to make love better than I do."

Ginny hesitated. Was it time for truth or dissemblement? She looked into John's intense face, saw the pulse beating in his smoothly shaved cheek, the hair mussed to boyish disorder, the agony of waiting for her answer in his eyes, deep and brown without his glasses. He looked so young, so vulnerable. Why he *is* young, she thought, just my age. And he needs someone to take care of him, keep off the predatory females.

Thanks For A Lovely Evening

This was the time for truth if she wanted him, and she did. "No-o," she said, "there's nobody who ever made love to me like this, John, and I—I like it."

Of course the town said it was a good thing for both of them. John needed a nice sensible girl like Ginny and Ginny certainly needed someone before it was too late. But Ginny didn't care what they said. She knew it wasn't like that at all. She wasn't a bit sensible when John was around, and she knew John wasn't the only man she could have had if she tried. And they were in love as much as two human beings have any right to be. They did crazy things when they were alone together, things which had the town known about them would have been thought quite mad. But sometimes they went to the club dances and a man would say, "Such a mouse! What did he ever see in her?" and a woman would ponder, "Women marry the funniest men. Imagine that stick making love! But they seem happy."

They were. Often in the dark Ginny would turn from a sleeping John to a figure more shadowy than the bedroom shadows and whisper, "Thank you, Mr. Jenkins, thanks for a lovely evening and for a lovely life!"

END

The Third Wish (*Continued from page 15*)

the water. A swan had sailed up to the verge and she had her arms round its neck and the swan's head rested against her cheek. She was weeping, and as he came nearer he saw that tears were rolling too from the swan's eyes.

"Leita, what is it?" he asked, very troubled.

"This is my sister," she answered. "I can't bear being separated from her."

Now he understood that Leita was really a swan from the forest, and this made him very sad because when a human being marries a bird it nearly always leads to sorrow.

"I could use my second wish to give your sister human shape, so that she could be a companion to you," he suggested.

"No, no," she cried, "I could not ask that of her."

"Is it so very hard to be a human being?" asked Mr. Peters sadly.

"Very, very hard," she answered.

"Don't you love me at all, Leita?"

"Yes, I do, I do love you," she said, and there were tears in her eyes again. "But I miss the old life in the forest, the cool grass and the mist rising off the river at sunrise and the feel of the water sliding over my feathers as my sister and I drifted along the stream."

"Then shall I use my second wish to turn you back into a swan again?" he asked, and his tongue pricked to remind him of the old king's words, and his heart swelled with grief inside him.

"Who would darn your socks and cook your meals and see to the hens?"

"I'd do it myself as I did before I married you," he said, trying to sound cheerful.

She shook her head. "No, I could not be as unkind to you as that. I am partly a swan, but I am also partly a human being now. I will stay with you."

Poor Mr. Peters was very distressed on his wife's account and did his best to make her life happier, taking her for drives in the car, finding beautiful music for her to listen to on the radio, buying clothes for her and even suggesting a trip round the world. But she said no to that; she would prefer to stay in their own house near the river.

He noticed that she spent more and more time baking wonderful cakes—jam puffs, *petits fours, éclairs* and meringues. One day he saw her take a basketful down to the river and he guessed that she was giving them to her sister.

He built a seat for her by the river, and the two sisters spent hours together there, communicating in some wordless manner. For a time he thought that all would be well, but then he saw how thin and pale she was growing.

One night when he had been late doing the accounts he came up to bed and found her weeping in her sleep and calling:

"Rhea! Rhea! I can't understand what you say! Oh, wait for me, take me with you!"

Then he knew that it was hopeless and she would never be happy as a human. He stooped down and kissed her goodbye, then took another leaf from his notecase, blew it out of the window, and used up his second wish.

Next moment instead of Leita there was a sleeping swan lying across the bed with its head under its wing. He carried it out of the house and down to the brink of the river, and then he said, "Leita! Leita!" to waken her, and gently put her into the water. She gazed round her in astonishment for a moment, and then came up to him and rested her head lightly against his hand; next instant she was flying away over the trees towards the heart of the forest.

He heard a harsh laugh behind him, and turning round saw the old king looking at him with a malicious expression.

"Well, my friend! You don't seem to have managed so wonderfully with your first two wishes, do you? What will you do with the last? Turn yourself into a swan? Or turn Leita back into a girl?"

"I shall do neither," said Mr. Peters calmly. "Human beings and swans are better in their own shapes."

But for all that he looked sadly over towards the forest where Leita had flown, and walked slowly back to his empty house.

Next day he saw two swans swimming at the bottom of the garden, and one of them wore the gold chain he had given Leita after their marriage; she came up and again rubbed her head against his hand.

Mr. Peters and his two swans came to be well known in that part of the country; people used to say that he talked to the swans and they understood him as well as his neighbours. Many people were a little frightened of him. There was a story that once when thieves tried to break into his house they were set upon by two huge white birds which carried them off bodily and dropped them in the river.

As Mr. Peters grew old everyone wondered at his contentment. Even when he was bent with rheumatism he would not think of moving to a drier spot, but went slowly about his work, milking the cows and collecting the honey and eggs, with the two swans always somewhere close at hand.

Sometimes people who knew his story would say to him:

"Mr. Peters, why don't you wish for another wife?"

"Not likely," he would answer serenely. "Two wishes were enough for me, I reckon. I've learned that even if your wishes are granted they don't always better you. I'll stay faithful to Leita."

One autumn night passers-by along the road heard the mournful sound of two swans singing. All night the song went on, sweet and harsh, sharp and clear. In the morning Mr. Peters was found peacefully dead in his bed with a smile of great happiness on his face. In between his hands, which lay clasped on his breast, were a withered leaf and a white feather.

END

The Newer View (*Continued from page 12*)

and are ready to be put on the air when the new channels are opened. I feel very strongly that television is a medium in its own right with its special technique and potentialities. It is not meant simply to bring the cinema into our homes. So-called canned programmes are necessary in certain fields but I prefer television drama to come live from the studio at the moment of transmission. If an actor should happen to dry up or a microphone should suddenly loom into view that just adds to the gaiety of nations.

Nevertheless, in spite of my conviction, the drama now being filmed promises to be first class. Artists like Ralph Richardson, Wendy Hiller, Flora Robson, Rachel Gurney and Donald Wolfitt, will appear. New talent will be given a chance. (The name Maureen Davis, may be unknown to you now. I think she will impress you.) The production of these films is excellent and all the many women who cannot go to London to see West End productions will be stimulated and satisfied.

Then there will also be good, clean; family fun like *Robin Hood* and *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, in multitudinous episodes. A young married couple in a daily mid-morning serial will join such national friends as Mrs. Dale, the Archers and the Groves. And for music hall entertainment, Gracie Fields, Norman Wisdom, Bob Hope and the like will be there to amuse us.

Mary Hill is in charge of women's programmes transmitted from London during the week. She is a capable, charming and balanced person. There was nothing phoney or affected about her statement: "I am not a feminist, but I have a deep affection and respect for women." This attitude is reflected in the programmes she is planning.

Each facet has been carefully studied. For instance, research proved that the majority

of women did most of their shopping between three and four in the afternoon. At eleven in the morning they were home and ready for a cup of tea or coffee. That obviously was the time for their special programmes.

Many women have to look after children under school age. Therefore three times a week there will be morning programmes for the under-fives. Only a mother knows what a boon this will be. There is absolutely no baby sitter as efficient as a television set. And at the other end of the scale there will be an Old People's Club for those over seventy.

Alternative programmes from London are due to begin shortly. Those from the Midlands will probably start transmitting early in 1956. Already the individual character and tastes of the Midlands are being carefully considered.

Mr. Sidney Bernstein, who is playing a big part in up-country television said: "Show business is my life, but I am more than a showman. I am also a human being and in our programmes we will always bear in mind that the audience too is more than just general public. It is composed of human beings each one wanting and deserving pleasure, entertainment and enlightenment."

Finally you may be interested in Thora Hird's remarks when I asked her what she thought of commercial television.

Thora has four claims to fame: 1. She is a superb actress; 2. She is the mother of enchanting starlet, Janette Scott; 3. She and her husband, Scotty, have been married for about 20 years and have together created one of the happiest homes in England; 4. She is the kindest and most sympathetic person you can meet anywhere.

"Well, luv," said Thora, "I think it's a splendid thing. More artists will get more opportunities to show more people how well they can do and by the same token more people will be able to see and hear more of what's good."

And that, ladies, seems to sum up my case for television for today.

END

Books (*Continued from page* 33)

who has aptly described them as "the counsels of a fond mother drawing on her dearly-bought experience to guide her newly married child living in a distant land." They, too, reflect vividly a vanished era, an exceptional personality.

The loss, in 1952, of a deeply loved husband—a judge of South Africa's Supreme Court—dominates the second volume of Sarah Gertrude Millin's autobiography, **"The Measure Of My Days"** (Faber, 21s.). Bitterly deploring the doctors' failure to save him, she makes much of the book a tribute to his memory. She also writes sadly of the decline of her friend General Smuts from the vital rôle he had played in South African and world affairs.

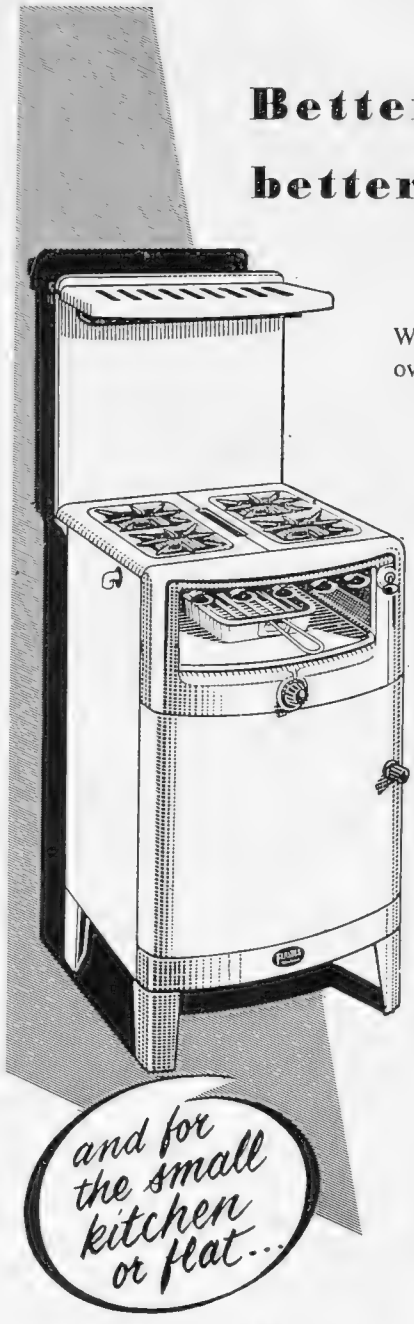
TV animal photographers Armand and Michaela Denis are a romantic couple. They met at a New York cocktail party, were on safari in the Andes when he woke her at four one morning by tapping on the car window, asked: "Would you consider a proposal of marriage?" and repeated the question at four-thirty and five, still getting no answer. After breakfast he rushed her into Potosi to be married at the Town Hall by a registrar who was soberly dressed *above* the table but minus his trousers *below* it, clad in socks and suspenders. Shortly afterwards they were in jail as suspected revolutionaries. So I'm not astonished at all the other startling things that happened to them in South America, Africa, Papua, Australia, gaily recorded by Michaela in **"Leopard In My Lap"** (W. H. Allen, 16s.), with a heap of fine animal and native photographs, some in colour.

What special pleasure it is, in picking up a novel, to find that it deals with country one knows! Prewar, Reginald (*Green Fingers*) Arkell and I wandered out from Dieppe and found, on the Uplands, a romantic old empty house which we dreamed of buying. David E. Walker knows that bold Dieppe country, too, for he makes it the setting of **"The Rigoville Match"** (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.), a girls' hockey tourney arranged by a Norman count between a French village team and one from the British Embassy in Paris, to put Rigoville on the map. I have chuckled over all the parochial complications caused by *le sport*, and so, I think, will you. As Dieppe holidays are now considerably dearer this sunny story, thank you, will do instead.

The TV Grove family are suburbia, and don't we all touch that at some time though we may not live in it? Twenty-five years the Groves have been married. They are blessed with four youngsters, including Pat who devours the masterpieces of Denise Robins, Ruby M. Ayres and Ursula Bloom; Jack, who falls for glossy veneers, get-rich-quick methods, and looks like becoming a bit of a spiv. Then there's old Granny who "had to choose between cutting a humble, pitiable figure for the rest of her days or becoming an old devil," and chose the latter. In **"Meet The Grove Family"** (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) Roland and Michael Pertwee put them through a dozen amusing episodes that happened a year before they TV'd. Now we know why they simply *had* to barge on to our screens!

Some of us are aware that authors often write their own blurbs. Doris Langley Moore—**"A Game Of Snakes And Ladders"** (Cassell, 15s.)—hops right into the open and does hers in the form of a "Dear Sirs" letter to her publishers, confessing that she has adapted to a modern theme the Fanny Burney method in which the heroine suffers sundry distresses but triumphs at the end. The tale is a human, well-told one of two girls in a musical comedy company touring the East who are stranded in Alexandria.

Clergy with consciences are no Trollope monopoly; they figure in countless novels. The Rev. Peter Harkeness's trouble in Dorothy Cowlin's **"Draw The Well Dry"** (Cape, 12s. 6d.) is that he has stumbled on—or rather down—a hidden well in the vicarage garden which local folk wish to exploit as "holy" (*Continued on page* 64)



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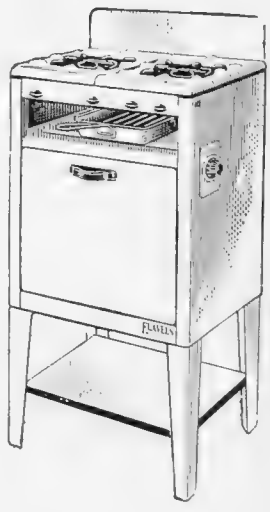

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and magical, whereas he thinks it just superstition. If only they'd been content with the parish pump he would have been spared the conflicts of this convincingly rural story.

The conflict is with "McCarthyism" in William L. Shirer's **"Stranger Come"** (Hale, 12s. 6d.). Our blood should boil at the spectacle of a worthy hero-broadcaster bully-ragged before the Senate Committee as a suspect fellow-traveller but stoutly retorting that the chairman "has begun to smear as a Communist anyone who disagrees with him. He has managed to institute a reign of terror in our foreign service, in the State Department, in other departments, in our schools and universities, in the films and radio." Maybe it does, at the abuses; but at least McCarthyism was an attempt to cut at the roots of the Communist canker.

Margery Allingham's **"The Beckoning Lady"** (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d.) might be called a tale of mass wish-fulfilment, since the victim in the detection mystery is a coshed Income Tax man. She is usually sweepingly readable when Mr. Campion and Chief Inspector Luke are on the job, but this time they are jostled by so many other characters that it takes two pages to list them. What a crush, and how they *talk*! Yet how Miss Allingham can *write*!

Sydney nearly a century ago when young love could still be set at cross-purposes by the convict-stock stigma is the background of Rosemary Rees' **"The Five Miss Willoughbys"** (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.), a straight family story with strong social colour.

Berta Ruck's style isn't bald, but rich and luscious, like the willowed nook where handsome Nigel and redhead Lee kiss and kiss in a punt and triumph over all the obstacles implied by **"We All Have Our Secrets"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.).

Juniors, I sometimes think, are often luckier in their literature than grownups. Eilís Dillon's **"The House On The Shore"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.) concerns a boy's adventures when he goes to visit a rich, eccentric uncle, finds the house deserted, sinister strangers near it, and uncle skied monkeylike in a treetop eyrie! It is beautifully written, fancifully illustrated by Richard Kennedy.

Footnote for room-gardeners: A. Bertrand's **"Indoor Plants And How To Grow Them"** (Crosby Lockwood, 16s.) is an expert, practical handbook with over fifty photographs, 17 in full colour.

RECOMMENDED FICTION:

"No Abiding Place," by Monica Ewer (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.); **"Harmony In Autumn,"** by Kathleen Hewitt (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.); **"Still They Come,"** by Muriel Howe (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.); **"The Careless People,"** by Helen Fowler and Bernard Harris (Angus and Robertson, 10s. 6d.).

RECOMMENDED NON-FICTION:

"The Retrial Of Joan Of Arc," by Regine Pernoud (Methuen, 16s.); **"Man Of Everest,"** the autobiography of Tenzing told to James Ramsey Ullman (Harrap, 18s.); **"Nature Parade,"** by Frank W. Lane, 4th edition reset and revised (Jarrolds, 18s.); **"K2 The Savage Mountain,"** by Charles Houston and Robert Bates (Collins, 25s.); **"How To Become A Good Dancer,"** by Arthur Murray (Angus and Robertson, 12s. 6d.).

Reading about the country you are going to explore is part of the pleasure of holiday anticipations. Here are some new titles:

"Your Holiday In Norway," by Gordon Cooper (Alvin Redman, 10s. 6d.); **"Your Holiday In Switzerland"** by Gordon Cooper (Alvin Redman, 10s. 6d.); **"Auberges de France,"** compiled by Michel le Renard (Seymour Press, 12s. 6d.); **"Introducing Austria,"** by G. E. R. Gedye (Methuen, 18s.); **"Journey To The Styx,"** a compact travelogue of the archaeological sites of classical Greece by John Pollard (Christopher Johnson, 16s.).

CHILDREN'S CORNER:

"Sam Pig And The Singing Gate," by Alison Uttley (Faber, 10s. 6d.); **"Your Book Of Table Tennis,"** by William P. Gottlieb (Faber, 5s. 6d.); **"A Child's Book Of Sea Shells,"** by William M. Hutchinson (A Florin Colour Book, 2s.); **"Aladdin And His Wonderful Lamp"** and **"Prudence Kitten And Puffer,"** in the colour photo book series (Publicity Products, 2s. 6d. each).

END

Mr. Doubleday's Happy Family

(*Continued from page 9*)

kind, fatherly eye to keep them smart and select new recruits. Each year he receives over 300 applications from girls who want to work there, and he tries to interview them all. "I look for a pretty face and strong hands and feet," he says. "Delicate girls are no use to me. They have to be over seventeen and pleasant to talk to. The pay's only £3 to £5 a week, so they must be able to live with their families. I explain that this isn't a career, but it is a very pleasant job for the right sort of girl, and that means one who's fond of work, fond of animals and fond of children: it's no good if they only like animals because they don't like humans!"

Selected candidates are given a day's trial, and the final decision rests with the Head Girl and the animals. The Head Girl decides whether the new recruit is good with a broom and friendly with the other girls: the animals just decide whether they like her. "The animals always know," Double insists. "The old llama won't have some of them at any price. Being good with animals takes more than a fancy for red coats and jockey caps." The best candidates are put on a short list and may be offered a temporary job for the next summer season. If that turns out well, they can hope to be taken on when any of the six permanent staff leaves.

People who work with animals tend to look messy, so Double determined from the start that his girls should be an exception. Before the public is admitted, they have to change their dungarees for uniform blouses and jodhpurs, and parade for inspection. The blouses must be changed every two days: in wet or cold weather, raincoats, dufflecoats or cardigans are worn according to the Orders of the Day.

Twenty years has also seen a gradual change in the animal population. At first there were baby bears, marmosets, chimpanzees, ostriches, all sorts of exotic creatures; but the children preferred to make a fuss of the donkey and the cat from the girls' rest room. Why use valuable and unreliable animals, thought Double, when plain farmyard stock is still top favourite? So his family became very simple, mostly sheep and goats and ponies.

As you walk round the Children's Zoo and talk to the girls (or to the animals, for that matter), you soon realize that the pleasure it gives to so many visitors is almost incidental. It seems to be organized quite as much for the contentment of the heterogeneous family whose home it is.

The girls are fond of each other and devoted to the animals in their care. These animals are very gentle, perhaps because most of them were bottle-reared. It's hard to believe that you can never trust a zebra, when you stroke George's soft muzzle and admire his stripes. Auntie, a fussy eight-year-old goat, is one of many domestic animals who came as babies but have long out-stayed their childhood, because the girls grew too fond of them to let them go. Although they live surrounded by animals, the girls still keep their own pets—Penny and Twopence, the two cats, and a pony called Rook. Rook was given to them to help in exercising the Shetlands, but the girls said—though Double never believed them—that the Shetlands refused to run beside him. So now for two hours a day they enjoy a carefree gallop in the park with Rook.

The girls come from a variety of backgrounds. One was a children's nurse, one worked in a hotel, two were stable hands. Maureen McVady, the present Head Girl, has been at the Children's Zoo since she left school four years ago. Her deputy, Iris Daley, used to be a secretary. Jean Andrews used to work in greyhound stables; she liked the dogs but not the racing. As a rule, they leave only to get married, for they all agree that they could never be so happy in any other job. Jean remembers how miserable she was, when her first summer of temporary employment was over. "I don't know what it is about this place," she explains. "There's plenty of work to be done, but one feels free. Everybody's so friendly and there's always something happening."

The Zoo is open seven days a week, so the girls take it in turn to have a day off. They come back next morning like schoolgirls at the beginning of term, eager for every detail of yesterday's gossip, how this sheep was sick or that fox hurt its paw.

They arrive at eight-thirty in the morning to clean out the stables, give the animals their breakfast and exercise the shy ones. The foxes, for instance, have to go for a walk on leads. At the 11.30 a.m. parade, the Head Girl inspects them and hands out slips of paper which give them their afternoon's schedule of duties. This schedule is really governed by the pony rides. Countless family albums contain a proud snapshot of young Shirley or Tommy sitting carelessly astride a pony, but few parents stop to think what an exhausting job it is to spend the afternoon heaving solidly built children on to a pony's back.

It is simply not worth trying to stop the public feeding the animals. The notice saying that the geese must not be fed was really put there because bits of bread kept blocking the plug-hole of the pond. Sheep and goats always get colic when they first arrive, but they soon learn how much to eat. Double thinks the goats like paper and ice-cream cones chiefly as a corrective after too many jam tarts. The goats are also very fond of bright print frocks and red hair-ribbons. They manage to nibble something they shouldn't about three times a day, which calls for three tactful apologies from the girls on duty.

Iris Daley thinks the most important quality in a zoo girl is common sense for dealing with emergencies; Jean Anderson rates patience higher. Certainly the most difficult animals to control are the children and their parents. Some children try to break the glass in Mouse Town, some annoy the goats by prodding them. One mother could not understand why her son was asked to stop hitting the tortoise with a stick. "He's enjoying himself, isn't he?" she protested.

Like other girls, they talk about the families of their own which they hope one day to have, and, after seeing so many spoiled children, they are all determined to be stern disciplinarians. "My children," says Joan firmly, "will eat ice-cream at home off a plate, but never, never out of doors!" "Mine," says Jean, "will be taught to say please and thank you. But I dare say our own children will turn out the worst little horrors of the lot!"

When the Children's Zoo closes for the winter months, the temporary girls have to go. The other six remain to feed and exercise the animals. At first they enjoy the rest, but long before spring, both girls and animals begin to feel bored. They look forward to meeting their friends again, and to the troubles and excitement that come with the host of children.

Mr. Doubleday has good reason to be proud of his corner of the Zoo, for it does contain a very happy family. It may not have a wonderful miniature town like the one in the old Dresden zoo; it may not have any strange beasts from far-away countries; but to sixteen girls and thousands of children this small paddock is the nicest place in the world.

END

Fly Home, My Heart

(*Continued from page* 40)

Marian thought. "Hard luck, Robert."

And Marian now realized that she didn't mean the accident.

The girl eyed his sodden clothing but it plainly meant nothing beside the business which had brought her.

"All right, now let's think of another game, eh? Let's get back. I shan't ask questions. Just let's get back."

She ignored Marian.

And Robbie was too ill to know what he was doing. The girl and the chauffeur helped him into the car. In another moment they were gone.

The speed of it all had paralysed her. Robbie was gone.

And slowly, as the long minutes brought their realization, a grey mask seemed to slide over the sun, and the surf became a far-off desperate whispering.

Robbie. . . .

And from where she stood now, above the cove, she could see the very spot, so different and changed by light and a grey sea. Her gaze travelled the beach and climbed the cliff, up to the headland and to its green hill.

The hollow hill.

She decided she would climb it now—up by the old water-course and the cliff-path. There would still be enough light. She set off, taking her time.

She and Robbie had never after all climbed it together. Maybe if they had things would have been different. But no, there was always tomorrow for Robbie, always plenty of time. Not that he was indolent. His horizon was where his gaze so often rested, beyond the point of explaining. Then as suddenly his eyes would return and surprise her baffled look, and he would give a short contrite laugh, clawing back the thick fair hair. And perhaps, because he knew it would please her, he would say, "Let's climb the hill, Marian—let's climb it tomorrow. . . ."

But they never had.

It was like him never to ask where she lived; and she was not willing that he should know; mothers always jumped to conclusions. And then too there was the guest-house full of summer visitors; would he have waited to find out that it hadn't always been so—that she was the daughter of Charles Martin, M.D., of beloved memory, and that the house was once a quiet and dignified home?

SHE had first seen Robbie in the mirror—the long mirror in her room, reflecting the bay—saw his boat refusing to come round into the wind, a little boat with a single sail, a simple balanced lug. And this, she could plainly see, was the trouble.

All this she had watched in the mirror and then, like the luckless maid by Camelot, had turned to see with her own eyes.

After another attempt the helmsman gave it up and gybed instead, losing ground. She knew then that if he wanted to make the cove he had a long beat coming.

And with a sudden feeling for a kindred spirit, she had thrown on her sailing things and gone down to stand by, watching critically for an hour or so.

At last, with the wind freshening, she knew it could no longer be fun out there. She got old Barnes to help launch her dinghy, and set off under motor to offer a tow.

"If it's salvage you're looking for," Robbie had shouted above the general noise, "I've got precisely one-and-nine in stamps and a pound of sausages. I'll get the thing in, myself."

She got him to a quiet mooring. And Robbie, standing unhumbled by his tiller like a young Nimrod, grudged his thanks. He looked about twenty-two or three.

When he was made fast, she remembered saying,

"A jib would have helped."

He nodded impatiently. "It's the first thing I'm going to do. Give me time."

"Are you staying?"

"Yes."

Before she knew it, she had asked, "Where?"

Clearly he was going to tell her to mind her own business, but instead, and with a brief grin, he half lifted a rolled canvas.

"Under here."

She shoved off. "You're mad."

He called, "I'd like some milk."

And it was like Robbie to expect that she would bring it.

And now, climbing the hill, she had worked her way up the old water-course, tunnelled beneath the branches, and coming into the clear, paused to look below at the now tiny crescent of sand. She then took to a path which would presently wander up the cliff-side.

The jib. The arguments they'd had over it. Together they had made one, down there on the beach. There was an old sheet, and they had gone and bought line and eyelets and a needle and palm. And old Barnes had given them an oar to cut down for a bowsprit. For hours they had sat and crawled, measuring and stitching.

Robbie, stripped, looked smoothly brown and cleanly hairless, the way she always pictured Scandinavians to look. And she noticed very soon that he was given to squatting and watching blandly while she struggled with something difficult.

She smiled softly to remember the way they had argued. And whenever they did, even though it meant meeting his fierce straight look, she was happy to have it that way; it brought an understanding far sooner than stilted agreements would ever have done. She wanted to be regarded well, and Robbie's opinion challenged. So she spoke her mind, perhaps a little too forcibly sometimes. And Robbie would break off and fix her with those grey-green (*Continued on page* 66)

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eyes, luminous as sunlight sometimes is on the sea-bed, and listen. Then he would crumple into laughter, leaving her red and ruffled.

Gradually, as the days passed, she felt his regard grow; never in words, of course, but in little ways, little acts of compliance. He had a way of flapping her hand, ridiculously, if he were beaten. But those were the only times he ever touched her. He never thought to steady her into or out of the boat. In time she learned that he could be as unmindful of himself as he sometimes was with others.

HER eyes grew suddenly tender as she remembered how absurdly pleased he was with the new jib, calling for her attention as the breeze caught and sent the little sail taut and eager. And she would remember that moment, the look on his face, alight with so simple a fulfilment. "Look, Marian!" like a child calling its mother, his fingers clasped over his head. "Look . . . no hands." And the tiller, she saw, stayed steady, unaided. The jib was a success. And in that moment, like a hurt, had come the first upsurge of grieving love for this sun-filled boy. Just how long would it all last?

There had been days, of course, when she couldn't spend all her time down there. There was Lucy and Martha to help in the house, especially in the busy season. So she would have to shake her head and insist on being put ashore. And his words, possessive of her, as he possessed all things for the turn of his fine head, caught at her as no compliment had ever done.

"Do you *have* to?"

And walking back solitary from the cove, a cove made alive, those August days, by Robbie's presence, she had climbed the field-path home, the earth warm to her bare feet, and in her heart a quiet, both sad and satisfying.

The next stretch of cliff-path now called for her attention. If you weren't careful you went on too long and came to the dead end where it had crumbled. You had to fork by the gorse-bush. She stood to watch a sail in the bay; it was probably the Webber boys, they went out in anything. She continued on and her thoughts came crowding back.

Remember the time.

"Don't tell me you paint!" It had amused her somehow.

He was repairing the bob-stay, his legs firm in the shallows. And because he didn't reply, she persisted,

"*What* do you paint?"

"Canvasses."

She was sitting a little way off, tossing pebbles at his toes. "I've got some oils somewhere, you can have."

No reply.

"What will you paint?"

At last he looked up.

"Don't laugh, but I'll paint you."

"Me?" The next pebble stayed poised. "Why?" Her hand fell. She was hungry to know.

He could be maddening.

"Why not?" was all he said.

But the silence that followed was comfortable for all that. They had achieved something rare.

Robbie worked on. Yet he must have been thinking of other things, for presently,

"Marian."

"Yes, Robbie?"

AFTER a bit, he began: "Supposing a someone found himself the victim of one of these wills—one of these eccentric wills, I mean, you know the thing. . . ."

He paused again, feeling his way, and then: "Well, suppose this someone was a decent enough sort and felt he couldn't very well back out."

"Back out of what?"

"Back out of the whole situation, marrying the girl." He saw the blank look in her eyes and stopped. He took another breath. "Let's start again. Supposing this chap figures in a Will—his Aunt's Will—he's been her favourite nephew, we'll say. Well this Will says that provided he marries the Aunt's ward, the pair will receive a substantial legacy. But if not, the money goes elsewhere."

"People have no business making these silly wills."

"Well, suppose this one did?"

She looked at his bent head for a moment, then repeated:

"Suppose this one did. Being a girl, I would naturally ask how does the girl feel about it?"

"Oh, she's flat out for it—in a ladylike way."

"Meaning she wants to marry the man?"

"In a way."

"For the money?"

"Mainly."

"And the man?" she had asked.

"He's . . . he's not so keen."

"On the money or the girl?"

"He doesn't give a damn about money—except for one thing, his father."

He was more serious than she had ever seen him. He fiddled with the same shackle over and over again. Finally he straightened up but still didn't meet her eyes. His own found some distant point and stayed there. "You see, there's the old family home, the estate, farms and things, tenants, and all the time death duties swallowing it up, bit by bit. Enough to break the old boy's heart."

She got up, feeling suddenly cold, and came slowly to look into his face.

"You're not serious about this, Robbie?"

And then, like him, he jerked his head up, and laughed.

"Serious? . . . Pah!"

And he shut up like a clam.

JUST a few steps more and Marian knew that there would be no more climbing, the path arrived at the cliff-top and then idled across the heather to the grassy mound. The breeze came freshening, tasting salt to the lips and smelling of the sea-weed at the base of the rock. She watched the gulls below, riding dizzily and falling away, squawking.

As she breasted the rise, the sea broke wide on the view, slow-moving and flecked. Across the bay early lights winked in the cottages and the Bar Buoy flashed its lonely pin-point.

This was the place—her hollow hill. She looked around, dwelling on the familiar things. She had climbed it many, many times now, climbed it in driving moments of joy and grief alike; to lie, close and comforted in its great lap. And there too, as a child, she had crouched in the sweet fear of a Midsummer's Night or listened to the far carolling of a Christmas Morn.

And through the years there had persisted the childhood fancy that between herself and the gentle hill there existed a communion, a bond, sharing the promise that a time would come when she would mount the green top and stand and know that something glad, immeasurably glad, had come to her.

She would never know how long she had been standing there, dreaming, but a sound, at first too slight to carry, now became more distinct, a single sound, coming at intervals.

At last it stirred her. She turned and listened. There it came again—a cry. When a few minutes later it came once more she had no doubt.

"Marian!"

And again: "Marian!"

There was no distress in it.

With sudden purpose she ran towards it, back the way she had come, to the head of the cliff-path. She stumbled, and recovered, tearing her raincoat, and ran on. Her throat was too full to answer.

At the cliff-face she trod carefully, and coming to the sharp descent, looked down the path.

There was no one.

Wildly she looked about. Her voice, when it came, cracked. "Where?" she managed.

"How the hell," complained a voice a long way to her right, "do I get out of this?"

"Robbie!"

She struck along the cliff-top, peering over where she could for a sight of him. Then she saw him, down there at the end of the old path, blocked by the fall.

"Robbie, you've come back."

"I saw you from the beach," he hollered, swaying perilously. "Had a time finding my way up here, I can tell you."

Fly Home, My Heart

She could only kneel and look down into his upturned face.

He laughed aloud for the gladness at seeing her.

"Well, don't just stand there."

"I'm not—I'm kneeling."

He looked back along the path. "Where'd I go wrong?"

She sprang up. "Back, Robbie, dear. Back this way." Her eyes became misty. "Back to where the gorse bush is." And now, even his face was a blur.

AND so she guided him, with earnest entreaties to be careful; and Robbie, as he came, kept pausing to look up and shout some item of news. He couldn't wait.

"I got concussion, that time. Been out for weeks—flat out—absolutely batchy." The words just got to her before they were snatched by the wind. Below him the sea growled amongst the rocks.

And again: "Everything's all right, Marian." He repeated this several times, slipping and cursing, and with Marian holding her breath. "Not so fast, Robbie!"

He was working nearer now.

"We sold the place, Marian. A nice old Greek. Pots of money. Going to do it up. Keeping the tenants on." He wobbled as a lump of grass came away. "Pop's happy now. Doesn't mind so much."

At last he arrived. He was too breathless to do anything but stand and stare at her.

Marian drew nearer, trembling a little.

His eyes grew solemn. "Marian, I . . . I don't have to marry her. Yes, I've come back."

Then he came and caught her to him. She felt the lift of his young arms and the nearness of his husky murmurings, "Oh, Marian—everything's all right."

She broke away, half laughing through her tears.

"You keep saying that, stupid."

"Do I?" He held her face and kissed it, gently and often, and very unlike Robbie.

Presently she held away.

"This way, Robbie."

"This way?"

"You were supposed to have done this months ago. Oh, but you wouldn't."

"Wouldn't what?"

"Robbie, just to make it right, will you come and stand with me, up there on the hill?"

"Yes, I'll come. Something special?"

"Something very special, darling."

END

Companions In Cross-stitch

(*Continued from page* 34)

gives about 3½ stitches to an inch, but there are several finer qualities made, although they are not always available except at a large art needlework shop.

There are various types of rug wool on the market which are suitable for working in cross stitch and you will, of course, need an extra large needle for working.

It is not possible to work out in detail the various quantities of wool needed, as these will vary widely with the size of rug, gauge of mesh, etc., but you could try out an experimental hank and calculate from this the total amount required for the complete rug.

The poodle or the Siamese cat could be adopted as a personal motif and used on accessories. There is an idea in the colour illustration for using the two miniatures in oval frames on a handbag. You could either make the whole handbag in Glenshee canvas, placing the motifs where required and filling in the rest of the background with cross stitch in the main colour, or the motifs could be worked separately and afterwards appliquéd onto the handbag which could then be made in felt or any other suitable fabric.

END

The Chinese Bowl

(*Continued from page 26*)

touched. I looked up and saw Dick reading in my face everything we had not said during the past two months. His eyes were a clear amber colour, golden like the afternoon, sincere, intelligent, untroubled by anything more complex than the anger of a man in love.

"Why don't you leave him?" he said savagely. "He isn't even faithful."

He turned away, softening the brutal directness of his words, knowing that the breaking point was near, but unwilling, even now, to force my hand.

"I must go and pack now," he added, in a matter of fact tone, "I leave tomorrow. I'll ring you to say goodbye."

His brief glance told me that I could walk out with him then, and he would make no scenes, ask no questions. He would arrange everything, and I should not have to worry any more.

I watched his tall relaxed figure disappear down the path, and when I heard the heavy thud of the back gate I went on looking and thinking of everything that his word "even" covered. Your exacting standards of living; your moods of black depression; your criticism of my friends; your bland assumption that I would always welcome yours; your impatience with any failure to follow your lightning thought; your passion for perfection in the minutest detail, and your ignorance of the work that it involved. Above all, the arrogance that made you blind to the danger of losing me, and your unawareness that Dick embodied that danger.

If indeed it were a danger and not a relief. For there was Laura. I don't know how Dick found out about her. I had never even implied that there was another woman—any more than I had done with the others. There had not been many of them; but I had always known. I had always watched with helpless anguish the kindling of the flame, the consuming damage of its course, its inevitable extinction. I had pretended ignorance while I bore your irritability, your neglect, your unpredictable changes of mood.

Whenever I could I had saved you the necessity of telling the lies that filled you with self-disgust. In the strictly technical sense Dick was probably mistaken when he said you were unfaithful. It would have been easier perhaps for me if you had loved them with more of your body and less of your soul. But you could not look for anything less than perfection.

Laura was more frightening than any of the others. You met her on my thirty-first birthday. I knew from the look in your face that evening when you gave me my present that you had once more caught sight of the vision of perfection embodied in some woman. In the weeks that followed I suffered with every tortured step you took in pursuit of it. And then by chance I met her—Laura, with her radiant youth, her diamond-cut beauty, her quicksilver mind, her superb indifference to others, her *entrée* to the artistic world where you worked.

I was still numb with fear the following morning when Dorothy called in from next door with the children to ask if she could do any shopping for me.

SHE had a stranger with her, a tall, dark man of about my own age with amber eyes behind heavy rimmed spectacles. As Dorothy introduced him as her brother, Dick, he looked at me with the detached attention of a man who habitually observes details, and when he smiled I saw that he had a good mouth, firm, but with a suggestion of gentleness and humour. I was not surprised when Dorothy said he was a geologist. Practical science was written all over him.

It emerged that he had just returned from South America, and was making his headquarters with her for a couple of months. He made some comment on the azaleas that were just coming into bloom, and that led to a tour of the garden. He walked beside me, moving easily, like an open-air man who is not aggressively athletic, talking just enough to cover my absent-minded silence. Dorothy stopped to admire a bed of tawny wallflowers and the scent lapped us in an almost tangible wave. The children ran laughing and calling to each other among the bushes, and beyond the garden wall an errand boy on a bicycle spun by ringing his bell.

Without warning a picture flashed into my mind—a picture of a totally different life; life with a partner who was practical, considerate, uncomplicated; who noticed when you were tired, guessed something of what you felt and took shared interests for granted. A companionable life, based on understanding and "alikeness." Something forced me to look up and I found those clear eyes studying me as they might a new country, telling from the outer face of the earth the secret strata beneath. We both moved and an invisible thread snapped.

Dick remarked quickly on the skilful layout of the garden, which gave such an impression of size, and I made a rueful rejoinder that it was more than large enough for an old-age pensioner two days a week, and it was difficult for me to find time to do much more than the house. I did not add that it made you angry to see my hands rough.

"Dick's a wonderful gardener," Dorothy exclaimed gaily. "He'll have to come round and lend you a hand. He's got nothing to do with his time, and I can't have him loafing about the house all day."

We laughed; she called the children and they all went off shopping. I went back to the house to finish preparing for our dinner party that night.

So Dick slipped quietly into my life, bringing a background of safety and normality when I most needed it. He came and went as he chose in the garden. I would often go out and find him bending over a bed of lettuce, or tying up a rose, without having heard him come. Sometimes I caught the sound of his voice chatting to old Prevett in his favourite sunny spot behind (*Continued on page 68*)

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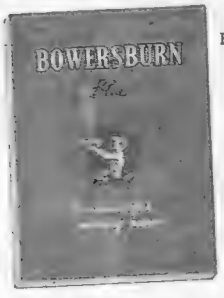

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the greenhouse. With the tact of a man who has dealt with all kinds of labour, he made a friend of the crusty old pensioner. He made a habit of bringing in what vegetables and fruit I wanted—a service that Prevett felt was beneath his dignity, and sometimes we would have a cup of tea together, alone on the veranda in the afternoon, or at the kitchen table with Mrs. Thomson in the morning. He was so impersonal, so undemanding, that in a way I hardly noticed him; yet if one day he did not come I missed him.

You met him several times, conceded with unusual graciousness that he seemed "an intelligent fellow," and forgot him immediately. Nothing had any significance for you in those months but the Centenary Exhibition at the Gallery, and your obsession with Laura.

The weeks went by, with little on the surface to mark the steadily growing crisis beneath. You would telephone me two or three times a week to say that you had to stay late in town. There was trouble over getting the French exhibits; the contractors had let you down about the new display cases; the question of insurance had been troublesome; you were not satisfied with the way the publicity was being handled.

All of it was true, but not the whole truth. These were not the things which brought you home with a face that looked as if the blood had been drained from it; that made you snap at the most harmless question; that drove you pacing up and down the veranda in the early hours of the morning, when what you needed most was sleep.

Whenever I thought of Laura, and that was constantly, I felt like a piece of peasant pottery beside her porcelain. You, the expert, the lover of beauty cursed with the frustration of not being a creator, could hardly fail to make the same comparison.

I don't remember at what moment of unbearable tension I realized that the way of escape was open to me. Naturally I never spoke of our affairs to Dick, or even hinted that we were not entirely happy. Yet somehow I felt that he knew all about it; that in his quiet and persistent way, he was "seeing me through it," watching, waiting, to take me away from it all if I gave the sign.

But it was only now, when he was on the point of departure himself that he had put one foot over the self-imposed border of silence.

So on this pulsing July afternoon I stood staring at the path down which he had vanished; knowing that the moment was now and that after this there would be no other. You would be coming back any moment—if you were coming. For this was the time of decision for you too. The Exhibition was over. You were due for a week's holiday, for which you had refused to make any plans.

As I stood there a suffocating hand seemed to close round my lungs, slowly squeezing the breath out of me. I scarcely knew whether it was dread or longing that held me there listening for your step. Then I heard the gate click and, without knowing I had moved, I found myself at the front door.

I stepped back at the sight of your face. It was almost grey, utterly weary. Your shoulders looked thinner, and the gold gleam in your hair brought a faint sense of shock. It should have been white. The vision had left you.

You took off your hat and hung it up with a deliberate carefulness as if you were afraid of breaking something. A great rush of anguish and relief shattered the stillness inside me. The effort of hiding it made the bones in my face ache. I knew that at all costs I, who so often fell short in understanding, must not rush in upon your defeat.

You went past me into the sitting-room without a word, but with a gesture which seemed to say I might follow. The room glowed and trembled with sunlight, and through the open french window came a faint twittering and stirring from the garden. You sat down and brushed a hand over your eyes and up over your forehead as if surprised to find yourself in this familiar place. I poured you a glass of sherry—I had to do something, however blundering—and as I put it down on

the walnut table beside you the sun struck through it, turning it to an exquisite topaz colour.

You looked up at me then. It was a long, unhurried look: not impatient, as I had half expected; nor guilty, which would have been worse; but just intent. I thought miserably how strange it was that after all these years I still could not read your eyes. Their smoky depths had always been unrevealing. It was I, not you, who turned away; but when you saw me at a loss, you looked back again into the green softness of the garden, ignoring the sherry. I longed to reach out and touch your shoulder, but did not dare to do so. Suddenly you began talking in a quiet conversational tone.

"Do you remember—no you wouldn't, it's too long ago—the Chinese Exhibition? I've never seen so much artistic wealth under one roof. Gallery after gallery—the richness, intricacy, colour, and antiquity of it all! One felt stunned, almost depressed, by so much inspiration, craftsmanship — and strangeness. Yes, the strangeness. After a time one longed to step back into the European tradition and feel at home. But the wonder of it pulled one on, forced one to make yet another and another effort of appreciation.

"Then—it was almost the last gallery, I remember, and there was a long, low table to the right as one went in. Quite suddenly, looking at it, all the tangled complexity of thought resolved, the *minutiae* of artistic assessment simplified; the exhaustion slipped off like a cumbersome garment. My heart filled with a radiance so tender and so precious that I trembled for fear the vibration of a fly's wing might dispel it.

"Extraordinary that with my memory for detail I can recall only one object on that table—a small shallow bowl. These were the most ancient pieces in the exhibition—priceless—'primitive' I think the catalogue called them, though that word could only be used in the sense that they held the freshness and innocence of man in the dawn of life. The bowl was the colour of sunbaked earth—greyer than oatmeal, yet warmer than stone, infinitely subtle, profoundly simple; its interior was a dull green, like one of the darker jades. It was round, yet not perfectly symmetrical.

"If one had held it in one's palms the fingers would almost have met round the rim. I longed to hold it so, knowing that its texture and weight would correspond exactly to its appearance; that I should be conscious of the warmth of the clay beneath the coolness of the glaze. The slight lack of symmetry was an enchantment that seemed to add to its perfection, its absolute integrity."

You paused and I came back from that exhibition where I had stood beside you through the spell of your voice, although I had never been there and you had never spoken of it before. I knew that the remembered experience must have some great significance for you that was related to this present moment when you sat looking out into our garden with the tormented look slowly smoothing out of your face. I thought of the fly's wing that could break enchantment for you and dared not breathe. Then you said very quietly:

"*You* are my Chinese bowl—unique, flawless, true—as the artist and the craftsman and the priest use that word, to mean the measure which never varies, and by which everything else is judged."

Radiance trembled in the room, it flowed over both of us and filled the world. I just touched your hand and ran up to my room. I knew you wanted to be alone for a time.

I sat on the edge of my bed staring out of the window at the bees darting in and out of the ivy that half chokes the elms in Dorothy's garden. It shimmered like a cloak of light, and as I watched my heart stirred and swelled with the knowledge that on the rare, the exquisite, the irreplaceable, one can set no price.

After a time I went downstairs to ring Dick and say goodbye.

END

We Have Friends Again

(*Continued from page 5*)

Because I again forgot last Wednesday that it was laundry day. Somehow we get over this little trouble.

The next headache is clothes-hangers. They're certain to want more than one each—aren't they? Yes, says R. firmly, they are. It's very odd, because I could have sworn we had a great number of clothes-hangers. I jumble my own dresses and rob my husband.

I sit down and write out a list of meals, an efficient and praiseworthy thing to do; only I can't eliminate the query against Saturday's pudding and Sunday's supper. This holds me up and I put off ordering. Finally I lose the list altogether.

"Thank goodness," I say on Friday, "at least we've got dozens of eggs. We shan't starve." But R. looks at me gloomily.

"We aren't castaways," he says.

When the visitors do arrive I know my smile to be haggard and my outstretched hand to smell of onions. By the time I've realized I'm wearing my apron, it's too late to take it off. And on Monday morning their abandoned bedroom provides me with another testament of failure. I gave them no waste-paper basket, no ash-trays. Their miserable makeshift efforts to supply themselves with these necessities strike me very forcibly.

"Let us never," I cry, rushing off to R. for comfort, "Let us never have people to stay again!"

And there is no doubt about it, if staying away were purely a matter of home comforts, no one ever *would* come near us again. But whatever goes on inside the house, nothing can alter the fact that the air we live in is pure and high, the downs about us magnificent; that nowhere else can you find so many primroses with such long stems, or so many pheasants with such long tails. And so the hardier amongst our friends continue to forgive and favour us.

If it were only the hardier amongst our friends—the old and true, the tried and trusted; those who know what to expect and take what they expect in their stride; those dear and few—then all would be well. But R. has one great fault which aggravates matters beyond remedy. He asks everyone he meets to come and stay. Occasionally the results are confusing.

Our daily advances to meet us. "Those people who's arriving tomorrow, m'am—they just rung up to say they won't be here till after tea."

"What people?" I say. "What name?" I ask her, cold with dismay.

But our Mrs. Thing can't remember what the name was.

"What people?" I say, turning on my husband, snarling now. But he hasn't the faintest idea.

"Perhaps you asked them," he says weakly, knowing this to be impossible. My anger dies away. We look at each other despairingly. And she who is called our help can help us in this matter not at all. The name continues to escape her though she struggles her hardest. Nor can she positively say if the lady on the telephone was young or old, married or not, with or without children.

This being so, what sort of rooms do we make ready; what sort of beds? And how about our horribly revealing faces? Will they manage to look unsurprised, whoever turns up?

But although a host and hostess as unready as ourselves go through much anxiety, the lot of a visitor can, I believe, be worse. The moment a friend or acquaintance ventures forth from his own home ground and sets his bag down in another's house, he is committed to a new rendering of himself, exposing himself bravely, or perhaps rashly, to a new and more intimate summing-up by which he will be condemned or condoned, as better or worse than just the friend or just the acquaintance he was before—seen in the new light of someone who has been to stay.

Generally speaking, I have found that visitors fall into three categories. The ones who are absolutely determined not to lift a finger; these I admire. The ones who don't a bit want to do anything, but feel themselves bound to offer; these I bully. And the ones who are absolutely determined to help; these I should like to murder.

The first sort, the sybarites, who have come away for a holiday and mean to have it—their cool detachment and adamantine will compel the respect. They breakfast in bed, and this not after argument and persuasion, but according to an instant understanding between themselves and me. Obviously they couldn't possibly come downstairs before eleven in the morning.

Nor, in the presence of such a sybarite, does that unattractive subject of washing-up occur. Dishes are dealt with guiltily while he takes his afternoon rest, or late at night—very late at night, because this sort of visitor is usually good value in the talking line. If people drop in for drinks we know we can safely leave it all to him.

Nor does he hesitate to ask for the ashtrays and waste-paper basket I've forgotten to provide. Whatever the deficiency, I hasten to supply it, grateful that he should have asked me rather than suffered, ashamed that he should have had to ask at all. In addition, he usually has a number of pet idiosyncrasies, to him as important as life itself: there must be a green shade on his reading-lamp; there must be a particular biscuit kept beside his bed. This is the visitor who holds all the honours and wins all the tricks. I take my hat off to him—or, as it may equally well be—to her.

The poor uneasy second-category visitor, who feels in his bones that to be a visitor is to be a victim—he is a loser from the first moment of arrival. For ever trying to idle out of the kitchen door, a book under his arm; for ever finding himself betrayed by his own conscience-ridden words:

"Is there anything I can do to help?"

And before the unhappy wretch has time to wish he could bite his tongue out, there he is, chained to the sink, (*Continued on page 70*)

Helena Rubinstein tells her own personal beauty story

"I have used Hormone Treatments for over thirty years"

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"I discovered, years ago, that, in the body, estrogens play a vital role in filling out and smoothing the skin's surface. But more important, I learned that nature's estrogenic supply tends to diminish past thirty. I knew then that scientific preparations would have to be devised to replace this loss.

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or shambling out into the garden with a pair of shears. He wriggles a bit, naturally—

"I'm afraid I'm not very good at washing-up—I hope I don't break anything. This china looks awfully valuable. I've never actually clipped a hedge before, you know. I may not do it very straight. . . ."

It does him no good. He clips and he dries, and the results are nearly always highly commendable.

The third kind of visitor is the one who succeeds in reducing me, by Monday, to a state of nervous prostration. She it is—for this is bound to be a she—who insists on washing the plates and making me dry, which I hate; who takes the spoon I am stirring with, out of my hand, and pours the tea from my own teapot; who has dreadful ideas about turning out the boot-room, or doing up the larder; who is never tired; who helps me and helps me till the weekend becomes one long chore and I want to scream; who stands over me when I lie exhausted in a chair, demanding:

"Now, then, what shall I do next?"

One day I shall find the courage to answer:

"Go away."

We Have Friends Again

My favourite visitor brings her knitting with her. And there she sits, a comfortable rock of strength. Whatever I ask her to do, she does at once. If I ask her for nothing, she gets on with her knitting.

Not only does she bring her knitting with her, but—as it were—her own private life as well, and goes on serenely living it in our house. For her we do not feel obliged to arrange expeditions and tea-parties —those expeditions and tea-parties that R. gets into such a fuss about. Visitors, he says, must be entertained. Let them sink or swim, say I. They've got the view, haven't they? Books to read? Isn't just being in the country enough for them? No, says R.

O visitors! whom I love and dread in equal part—never take seriously my horrid words. Come constantly through the spring, the summer, the autumn months. We cannot do without you. And if you want to show us that you love us for ourselves alone, come in the winter. That would be love indeed!

END

Continental Journey (*Continued from page 32*)

roofed in by cross vaulting. Here were built the galley of 120 oars, the biggest of all in ancient times. Positano, near by, is an artist's dream of multi-coloured houses many of which retain their Oriental cubic form and dome-shaped roofs.

Farther north, on the Ligurian riviera, Portofino, has most of the comforts as well as all the natural beauties of the more isolated resorts. If its small beach is crowded in the high season, there are many quiet coves within walking distance.

From Portofino you will most certainly take the road by the sea and then over the hills to Florence. If you wish to spend twenty-four hours in a tiny fairy-tale town, stay at Lucca. Explore its small but exquisite Palace, once the residence of Napoleon's pretty sister Pauline Borgese and, best of all, walk on the old walls of Lucca at the hour of sunset when Tuscan landscape takes on all the grey-green hues which you will see again reproduced by many famous painters in the art galleries of Florence.

Is Spain your objective? Then steel-grey and olive greens turning to russet browns are the colours of the countryside you will see on the high plateau surrounding Madrid. The Spanish capital lacks the great beauty of Seville, and Granada to name only two of Spain's famous towns, but it is an excellent base for trips by car to the ring of ancient cities with which it is surrounded. Madrid has, however, one or two unique specialities; it is, after all, the only frankly capitalist capital left in Europe. In the Bar of the Palace Hotel between 2 p.m. and 3 p.m. you will see more fashionable and beautiful women accompanied by handsome men than you have thought possible. In the evening between 9 p.m. and 10 p.m.—in Spain it is not fashionable to dine before 10 p.m. or lunch before 3 p.m.—the dresses of the ladies will be even more chic and the Dons more dashing. The most amusing bar in Madrid is Chicot's Bar where Spaniards do not take their wives but where you will see many attractive women of all types.

Toledo, within easy reach of Madrid, is built high above the river Tagus, a superb façade of ancient buildings which even in the bright sun and set against the brilliant blue sky, seems to hold all the secret romance of old Spain. Famous since ancient times for its swords of steel with gold inlay, Toledo still carries on this fascinating industry.

If you are in Barcelona make the excursion to Monserrat, the Holy Mountain (according to legend the seat of the Holy Grail and used by Wagner as the background to "Parsifal.") The Monastery stands on a rocky terrace about two-thirds of the way up the mountain. Men may stay at the Monastery for three days, but ladies must stay at one of the two hotels. Reservations must be made in advance from the Spanish State Tourist Bureau in Barcelona. The road up to the Monastery is very narrow and travellers who have not a good head for heights are advised to use the funicular railway. The lower slopes of the mountain are covered with firs and flowers grow right up to the Monastery. The beauty of this strange region is unforgettable.

END

Motoring Aspect (*Continued from page 32*)

Riviera night from a hotel balcony is one thing but a rocky bed on the roadside with irate mosquitoes after your blood is another.

Begin the day's driving early by all means but a bath, stroll round the market square, leisurely aperitif and dinner are worth a bottle of nerve tonic and the chance of preserving a friendship.

This year more Britons will be touring abroad than ever before. On the cross Channels alone the bookings are up twenty-five per cent on last year. Apart from the normal services there are three worth looking into. The air ferry service operating from Ferryfield Airport near Lydd, Kent, has the advantage of landing you in Le Touquet in twenty-five minutes as against 1½ hours in the quickest sea crossing, besides all that hanging about at the port.

The fare for a small car is £7 but the costs are £1 cheaper in "off peak" periods. The sea crossing is £3 cheaper. For Midlands tourists there is a new service from the Elmdon Airport near Birmingham to Le Touquet. The service was pioneered in 1953 by the A.A. and only takes ninety minutes. During July and August British Railways are operating a weekend scheme. It is for early risers or all-night drivers as it means leaving Dover at 6 a.m. and getting to Boulogne at 8 a.m.

The A.A. or R.A.C. will fix members up with all their travel papers. There are some excellent spare part kits on the market to cover small emergencies and the new Firestone Town and Country skid-proof tyres will set the most nervous driver at ease.

In 1948 our convertible Triumph decided to disgorge its innards on the autobahn just outside Hamburg. It was the end of the holiday fortunately but the kitty was perilously low. Nor could anything be done. The German mechanics just looked at "Bambino" shrugged their shoulders in despair and repeated "*Kaput, kaput.*"

I'll never forget that crazy drive through the night into Holland. There we were like a defenceless "dinky" car trailing behind a gigantic three-tiered German food transport which had offered us a rope. It was 6 p.m. and off we set. But there was no stopping. On and on we went. There was no use hooting as the drivers couldn't hear and every hour we became more mesmerized by the whirring tyres looming in front of us. At last we pulled up at 4 a.m. in a sleepy village. My husband woke up the postmaster. A cable to the A.A. seemed the important thing in life.

We pushed the car into Holland next morning and there to greet us was the Dutch equivalent of the A.A. In all we were towed over 500 miles on that trip—right back to our own doorstep in London. And all for the £3 foreign service charge of the A.A.

You'll find the roads on the Continent on the whole excellent except for Spain. The autobahns in Germany and autostradas of Italy call for steady fast driving, but if you have time the secondary roads are so much more entertaining.

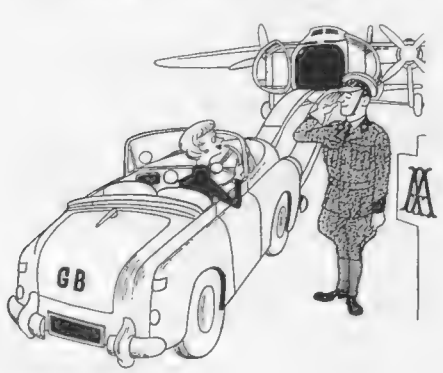
Petrol prices are high in France and Italy compared with London. The Italian and Yugoslavian Governments have special petrol concessions for tourists. Either you collect your vouchers in London or at the frontiers.

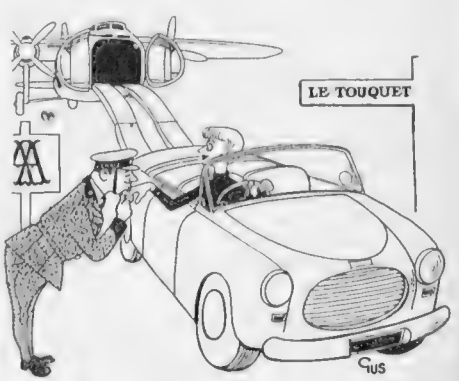
I never consider the small Continental hotel expensive. You'll find it is better to take just the room and have breakfast at the local milk bar. My digestive system can't cope with two large Continental meals a day. Instead we prefer a picnic lunch of bread, sausage, cheese and fruit washed down with local wine and eaten at noon. This will bring the reward of two hours' driving along superb empty roads when the rest of the Continent is eating its midday feast.

Most wives I know have to do the packing every day on the trip. I suggest one suitcase only for husband and wife. It should carry rather more than overnight things and yet the bulk of the luggage can remain undisturbed in the boot.

I pass on to you my personal list of "musts." In our family they all add up towards keeping the peace. One unobtrusive cushion for the small of the back, an easy-to-hand sponge bag with wet face flannel, astringent and cleansing tissues. To this I add a bottle of sunburn lotion, headache pills, toilet and mineral water. They are worth their weight in gold.

END





On And Off Stage

(*Continued from page 41*)

might be forgotten. Recently, it returned to the full splendour of the Regency days, when an exhibition was held of astoundingly magnificent gold plate of the period and other furnishings of the time.

I have paid Brighton two visits recently, one was to spend the day with friends, Walter and Sue Nell, who own what is to my mind the loveliest seaside house of its sort in this country : the other for the opening of William Douglas Home's new play, *The Reluctant Débutante*, a scintillating and witty comedy.

First visits first, so I will tell something of this unexpected house that Sue Nell has decorated so originally and beautifully. Villa le Mer seems terribly disappointing as one drives up to the front door, which is on the town and road side of the house. But, Oh ! the surprise, once you press the chiming bell and the door is opened by their immaculate butler, Priestly, for the dominant colour of the house is forsythia yellow and you immediately feel you are walking into sunshine. The entire house, whatever the colour scheme of the room, gives this same feeling of warmth and sunshine.

Sue and Walter Nell have this same quality of warmth and hospitality and are therefore perfect hosts. She is tall, slim and fair and it seems unbelievable that she has a grown-up son; her clothes are always feminine and she loves to wear Marie Laurencin colours, full skirts and exquisitely made blouses. She is lucky to have a skin with the glow of sun-warmed peaches and honey blonde hair. At Brighton her clothes are elegantly simple and in London she has that flair of wearing exotic unexpected clothes with great aplomb, and achieves a dash of flamboyance in the placing of her lovely jewels and the magnificence of her furs.

Above all, there is an air of the past, rare in these days, to which she responds beautifully in the gallant way in which her husband escorts her.

Second visit second. So to talk about the play. *The Reluctant Débutante*. For debs. are in season now, and in this delightfully witty play there are barbs and warnings for anxious Mamas.

One of the things I like very much to do is to dress plays. This is always interesting and in this case it had a great additional appeal for me, as the author's wife, Rachel Home, was one of my very first customers. She was then Rachel Brand and her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Brand, whose husband is Lord Hampden's heir, let us make her daughter one of her first evening dresses. It was white satin and very simple, for she was still at school in Paris. Both she and her mother are tall and slim, ash blonde with lovely bone structure and fragile beauty.

One thing I am certain of and that is that William Douglas Home was not thinking of his wife when he wrote this gay and amusing play. This month there are some sketches of the dresses I designed and made for the production. They probably explain themselves far better than I can write about them. Celia Johnson, whose dresses we made has almost model girl measurements and a lovely figure to dress. I am sure you will agree with me, if you have seen the play, that she wears her ball dress beautifully. I think she is happy in it, for yellow is her favourite colour and the dress is made of a heavenly shade of citron yellow paper taffetas.

Ambroine Phillpotts, tall and slim, plays the part of the other anxious and "get your girl a man" mother, adores clothes and wears them on the stage with delightful flair and aplomb. We made for her a dove grey embroidered dress and a matching coat lined with cyclamen shantung. My only disappointment was that we were not asked to make Anna Massey's dress. She is charming as the reluctant débutante, playing the part with great tenderness and poise. This is her very first appearance on any stage, but nevertheless, one might well expect brilliance from the daughter of delicious Adrienne Allen.

END

. . . Yes, full of woe—bad patch of the month, I'm afraid.

Surely it can't make all that difference?

Can't it! You don't know how I dread it every time. Same dreary old routine and the awful feeling that everybody can tell . . .

But that doesn't make sense—not nowadays. Do you mean to say you've never heard of Tampax?

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Knitting (*Continued from pages 46 and 47*)

EIGHT HOURS TO MAKE

(*Continued from page 47*)

finishing at neck edge. Inc. 1 st. at neck edge on next 4 rows (thus finishing at neck edge). Leave sts. on a spare needle.

THE LEFT FRONT

Work as for Right Front as work is reversible and finish at side edge.

THE BACK

Next row.—Patt. across left front sts., cast on 10 sts., patt. across right front sts. (150 sts.). Continue straight in patt. still keeping g.st. border on sleeves until work measures 21½ ins.

Shape for Sleeves.—Cast off 27 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 4 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next 6 rows. Now continue straight for same amount of rows worked straight on fronts.

Next row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., in patt. to last 3 sts., k. 1, k. 2 tog.

Next row.—K. 2 tog., m. 1, in patt. to last 2 sts., m. 1, k. 2 tog. Rep. last row 4 times more. **Next row.**—K. 2 tog. in patt. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. **Next row.**—K. 1, in patt. to last st., k. 1. Rep. last 4 rows 4 times more.

Next row.—K. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2 tog., in patt. to last 4 sts., k. 1, m. 1, k. 3 tog. Continue straight in patt. for 4 rows, then change to No. 3 needles and work for 1 in. more. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

Go back to sts. on st. holder, sl.sts. on to No. 3 needles, rejoin wool and k. these 3 sts., then pick up and k. 61. sts. round neck edge to other border sts., k. across border sts. Work 5 rows in g.st.

Next row.—K. 3, * k. 2 tog., k. 4 ; rep. from * to last 4 sts., k. 4 (57 sts.).

Next row.—K. 3, * k. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to last 4 sts., k. 4.

Next row.—K. 3, * p. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to last 4 sts., k. 4.

** **Next row.**—K. 3, rib 33, turn.

Next row.—Rib 15, turn.

Next row.—Rib to last 3 sts., k. 3.

Next 3 rows.—In rib with g.st. borders.

Rep. from * * twice more, then continue in rib with g.st. borders until ribbed collar measures 2½ ins. Cast off in rib and g.st.

TO MAKE UP

Press work with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew up sleeve and side seams.

END

BEADS ON THE YOKE

(*Continued from page 46*)

THE BACK

Work as for Front, until 4 ins. of armhole shaping (111 sts.) finishing on a p. row.

Divide sts. for back opening.

K. 55, k. 2 tog., k. 55.

Work on the last 55 sts. until armhole measures the same as the front.

Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 12 sts. at the beginning of the next 3 armhole end rows. Cast off remaining sts. Return to the remaining 55 sts. and work as other side.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles cast on 82 sts. Work 4 rows k. 1, p. 1 rib. Then k. 8 rows st.st., ending on a p. row.

Change to No. 12 needles and inc. one in 1st st. and every 3rd st. and inc. in last st. (111 sts.) Now work 1 row p. Continue in Lace pattern for 2 complete pats. Then 8 rows st.st.

Shape Top of Sleeve.—Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every 3rd row until 65 sts. Then 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 35 sts. Then 1 st. each end of every row until 23 sts. Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Thread a thin needle with matching cotton. Thread 4 beads and sew to the "points" of the lace pattern. Bring the needle up to each point, when sewing on beads, and fix with a stitch to keep beads firm. Continue on yoke and sleeves until all points are beaded. Sew up side and shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves.

Work 2 rows of D.C. round the neck, 4 rows of D.C. down left side of back opening, 2 rows of D.C. down right side. Make 3 loops for buttons on the right side of opening. Sew on buttons. Press seams.

END

Jam

(*Continued from page 45*)

4½ lb. strawberries (to make 4 lb. after hulling); 4 lb. sugar.

Wipe the fruit and put into the pan, dry. Bring very slowly to the boil, and then boil gently for twenty minutes. Remove the pan from the heat, add the warmed sugar and stir gently till it has dissolved. Return the preserve to the stove, bring to the boil, and boil fast for another ten minutes. Allow to cool slightly, then pot and cover.

Raspberry Preserve

This is a very special preserve which requires no boiling and which tastes like fresh fruit. Place 2 lb. of raspberries in an ovenproof dish. On another dish place 2½ lb. sugar. Put both dishes into a hot oven, and allow to get very hot, but not to boil. Put the hot fruit into a warmed bowl, mash thoroughly with wooden spoon, then gradually add the hot sugar, stirring until all is blended and the sugar dissolved. Put into hot jars and cover at once. Although unboiled, this preserve keeps very well.

Red Tomato Jam

3 lb. red tomatoes; juice of two lemons (unstrained); 2¼ lb. sugar; ½ teaspoon ground ginger.

Dip the tomatoes one by one into hot water, which will make the skins easy to remove. Cut the fruit into rough pieces and put into pan with sugar, ginger and juice of lemons. Boil gently for 2½ to 3 hours, stirring occasionally. Then test for setting. Put into warmed jars, but allow to get quite cold before covering. Be sure to make the covers completely airtight.

Blackcurrant Jam

Here is a good recipe in the economical vein again. You get six pounds of jam from two pounds of fruit.

3½ lb. sugar; 2 pints water; 2 lb. fruit.

Stalk and rinse the fruit, place with water in the pan, and bring slowly to the boil, pressing the fruit with a wooden spoon at intervals, so as to bring out the juice. Continue boiling slowly for 35 minutes, stirring and pressing occasionally. Add the warmed sugar, and stir to dissolve it. Bring to the boil and boil fast for 25 minutes before testing for setting.

Gooseberry Jam

Allow one pound of sugar and one gill of water to each pound of fruit. Top and tail the gooseberries *before* weighing. Put the appropriate amount of water in the pan, then add a layer of fruit and a layer of sugar alternately. Cook slowly till sugar dissolves, then bring to boil and boil for twenty to twenty-five minutes. Test for setting, cool slightly before potting.

A more economical gooseberry jam is made as follows : Allow two pints water and 4½ lb. sugar to 3 lb. gooseberries. Prepare the fruit as before, then cook the fruit and water together for twenty minutes, simmering only. Warm the sugar and add to the preserve, making sure that it has thoroughly dissolved before bringing it to the boil. Boil fast for five minutes only, test, and put at once into warm jars. Cover and tie down while hot

END

In Print Or Gingham

(*Continued from page 25*)

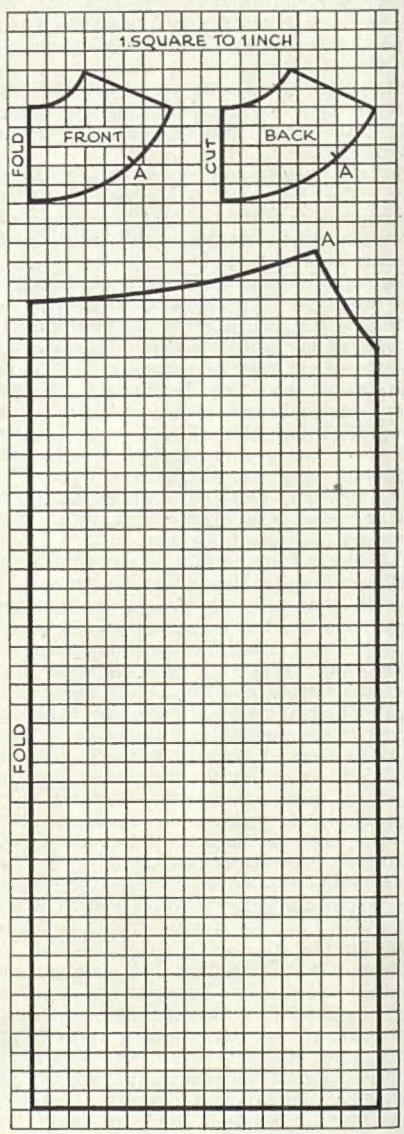
36 inches, to correspond with the pattern.

To sew garment, start with the side seams, then bind the armholes with bias strips. Join shoulder seams of yoke and of yoke lining. Place yoke face downwards on right side of lining. Seam round neck and down back opening. Turn yoke on to right side and press. Gather body of frock on to yoke and seam, matching A's on back and front with A's on yoke. Turn work inside out and sew yoke lining over back of gathers. Turn in edge of yoke at the armholes and hem yoke lining invisibly at back. Turn up hem. Press garment and add buttons and buttonholes at back of yoke, also any decoration such as ric-rac braid or sequins.

If you plan a collar, omit seaming yoke neck and lining. Instead, add bias binding upon which you can tack detachable collar.

Add belt made from strip of material sewn over base of stiff corded ribbon.

END



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